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DISOBEDIENCE.

1048

A NOVEL.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF PLAIN SENSE.

"Unlimited obedience is due only to the Univerſal Father of Heaven and Earth. My Parents may be mad or fooliſh; may be wicked and malicious; may be erroneouſly religious, or abſurdly ſcrupulous. I am not bound to mandates, either poſitive or negative, which either religion condemns, or reaſon rejects. When I ſuffer for my own crimes; when I may be ſued for my own debts, I may judge, by a parity of reaſon, of my own happineſs. The Parent's moral right can ariſe only from his kindneſs, and his civil right only from his money."

JOHNSON'S LETTERS TO MRS. THRALE.

VOL. IV.

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DISOBEDIENCE.

CHAP. I.

1048.

WITH her mind bowed down with theſe apprehenſions, and her ſtrength over-weighted by the burthen that Mrs. Leeſon laid upon it, Mary continued to move ſlowly forward, ſcarcely having ſpirits to raiſe her eyes from the ground, when the ſound of a horſe's foot cloſe to her made her ſtart, and the words "Ladies, can I be of any ſervice to you?" aſſailed her ear, in accents that threw her whole frame into agitation.—She raiſed her eyes.

"William—my dear William!"—cried ſhe.

"Mary—my beloved Mary—have I found you?" returned William; for it was William himſelf: and, in the ſame moment, he jumped from his horſe, and claſped her in his arms.

"Oh! ſave me—ſave me," cried Mary. "Take me—take me with you?"

"Never—never will we part," ſaid William: the whole world ſhall not take you from me."

Mrs. Leeſon, who had been nearly overthrown with the violence of the lovers' tranſports, now began to exalt her voice, and Miſs Thornton joined her in the loudeſt vociferation; each calling out amain for the ſervants, and threatening the moſt dreadful conſequences both to William and Mary, if they preſumed to ſtir.—But they ſpoke to the deaf. The ſervants were all diſperſed different ways, in purſuit of the aſſiſtance that was wanted:—beſides, that they were too

well

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well uſed to the exclamations and violence of their lady, to attend much to either, had they reached their ears; and, as to William and Mary, they ſcarcely knew, at this moment, that there were ſuch people exiſting, as Mrs. Leeſon and Miſs Thornton.

"There is not a moment to be loſt," ſaid Mary.

"We will not loſe a moment," returned William; and getting upon his horſe, Mary eaſily contrived, from an eminence in the road, to mount behind him.

"Sit faſt," ſaid William.

"Never fear," replied Mary; and William, putting ſpurs to his horſe, they were out of ſight in a moment.

Breathleſs, both with fear and ſpeed, the lovers were not able, for ſome time, to interchange a word. Such, indeed, was the tumultuous rapture that filled both their hearts, on finding themſelves thus ſo ſuddenly and ſo unexpectedly together, and ſuch

was the aſtoniſhment, as well as joy, that they were under, that they could ſcarcely believe their ſenſes; while, amid the various emotions with which they were agitated, perhaps the ſingle one of fear was that alone to which they were at that moment conſcious.

Impreſſed with the neceſſity of flight, they yielded wholly to this impulſe; nor, in the more timid breaſt of Mary, probably would this have given way to any other, while ſhe had been able to have kept her ſeat on horſeback.

But William's apprehenſions of purſuit gave way to his impatience to converſe with Mary, and to his fears of her ſuffering from fatigue. He thought himſelf able to protect her againſt all but the authority of a parent, and he knew, that at preſent he had no reaſon to fear ſuch an interpoſition.

Slackening his ſpeed, therefore, "My beſt beloved," ſaid he, "is it poſſible! Have I at laſt regained you!"

"Oh!

"Oh! proceed—proceed," cried Mary, "this is no moment for converſation; let us be ſafe, before we venture to be happy. If we are overtaken, we are ſeparated for ever."

"We are in no danger of being overtaken," returned William; "I have quitted the high road ſometime, and I am ſure it is not poſſible that you can any longer ſupport ſuch fatigue."

"I can ſupport any thing, but being again ſeparated from you: think not of me, but make the beſt of your way to ſome place of ſafety."

"There is no place of ſafety for us," ſaid William, "in England; but happily we are near the ſea-coaſt: if we can reach Whitehaven, we may ſet ſail for Ireland immediately, and thus be placed beyond the reach of our perſecutors."

"Do not loſe a moment, then," ſaid Mary.—"From Ireland we may return to Llamamon."

"Wherever we go," replied William, "you will not refuſe to go as my wife, I hope,

hope, and then we ſhall have nothing to fear any where?"

"If, in the preſent circumſtances, my dear mother will approve, and Mr. Ellis ſanction our marriage, aſſuredly I ſhall not make any objection," ſaid Mary.

"Ah! Mary," returned William, "you appeal to thoſe who can no longer be your judges. Do you recollect the ſtate our dear Mr. Ellis had ſo long been in?"

"Too well," replied Mary; "and I have already anticipated the event: but my mother———"

"She could not ſurvive your loſs, and the cruel hardſhips to which ſhe too well knew that you were expoſed.—It is now more than four months paſt ſince I followed both her and our dear Mr. Ellis to the grave."

Mary relaxed her hold; her ſtrength forſook her, and ſhe ſunk from the horſe to the ground.

Quick

Quick as lightning William flew to her aſſiſtance; and, receiving her languid head upon his ſhoulder, had ſoon the comfort of ſeeing her burſting heart relieved by a flood of tears.

"Do not deſert yourſelf, my deareſt love," ſaid he.—"Remember that our all is at ſtake; and that, if our dear mother could ſpeak from thoſe regions of bliſs which ſhe now inhabits, ſhe would exhort you to reſolution and to fortitude."

"Oh! William," returned Mary, weeping bitterly, "*now indeed* my only earthly friend—forgive theſe tears—forgive this weakneſs.—Is it not ſomething dearer than a parent that I lament? A deprivation that ſeems to rob me of my all—of ſanction, and of juſtification, for all the ſteps I have taken—for all thoſe that I may take!"

"To the rectitude of your principles—to the purity of your own boſom," replied William, "you may appeal, from the injuſtice of the world; and ſoon, very ſoon, I truſt, you

will allow me to aſſume a character which will put yours in ſafety."

"It cannot now be too ſoon," returned Mary, dejectedly; "except (added ſhe) you will leave me to my fate; and, ſince I have loſt her who was *indeed* my parent, ſuffer me to repair to thoſe who are ſo only in name."

"Did I not love even the delicacy that wounds me," replied William, "how ſhould I reſent ſuch an intimation: but calm your ſcruples, my deareſt love.—I come commiſſioned from our dear Mr. Ellis, from our lamented mother, to ſeek you out, and to make you my wife. It was their dying charge that I ſhould do ſo:—the laſt earthly ſolicitude that detained their thoughts from Heaven;—and ſince I loſt them, I have employed every moment of my time in endeavouring to diſcover where you were concealed."

"What," ſaid Mary, "is become of my father?"

"He has left Llamamon for ever," returned William.—"Unable to remain there

after

after the lofs he had fuftained, he fold the dear little cottage, and is gone to live with one of his brothers in a neighbouring county."

"Behold, then," faid Mary, "the reafon why I wrote fo often in vain! And had I even reached Llamamon, how fruitlefs would have been my journey, and how fevere my difappointment? But come, let us refume our way, and quit, with all the hafte we may, this now defolated—this inhofpitable land."

William tenderly reprefented to her how unable fhe was to continue their journey in the manner that they had hitherto purfued it; and that, if fhe could, their appearance was fuch as muft draw wonder and fufpicion upon them, wherever they appeared.—He therefore propofed, that he fhould lead his horfe in his hand, and that they fhould proceed on foot to fome place of fhelter, where fhe might adjuft her drefs, and furnifh herfelf with a few neceffaries, and where they would have leifure to confult on the moft

eligible method of making the beſt of their way to Whitehaven.

Mary had no alternative to propoſe, and therefore readily yielded her aſſent. On attempting, however, to move, ſhe found herſelf ſo ſtiff and fatigued, that it was with difficulty, even with the aſſiſtance of William, that ſhe was able to ſupport herſelf. William ſaw that it was impoſſible ſhe could, in this ſtate, make any way.—Some place, therefore, where ſhe could immediately repoſe herſelf, became the object of his moſt earneſt wiſhes; and, looking around, in hopes of obſerving ſome habitation, of an appearance that promiſed hoſpitality, he diſcovered, at no great diſtance from the place where they were, yet apart from the public road, a neat and ſubſtantial-looking farmhouſe; and he inſtantly propoſed to her, that they ſhould there endeavour to procure for her a night's lodging, while he proceeded to ſome neighbouring town, in purſuit of the neceſſaries ſhe was in need of; and where he

might

might find out the beſt method, both as to eaſe and expedition, of purſuing their journey.

Mary's ſpirits and ſtrength were by this time ſo entirely exhauſted, that ſhe would not have had power to have oppoſed whatever he had ſuggeſted, even if ſhe had not perfectly approved of the propoſal; but to the one he now made ſhe had no objection, and gaining freſh courage, from the hope of more ſpeedy ſhelter, ſhe began to move with more lightneſs, and, in a ſhort time, they arrived at the door of the farm-houſe.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

CHAP. II.

WILLIAM undertook to tell their ſtory, and he did it with all the regard to truth poſſible.—He ſaid, that he was a ſtranger in that part of the kingdom, and that, as he was purſuing his buſineſs alone, he had met with a young perſon, whom he had formerly known in his own neighbourhood, which ſome unfortunate circumſtance had brought into great diſtreſs:—that ſhe was wearied and ill, and that it would be the greateſt charity poſſible, if they would ſuffer her to repoſe that night with them, while he fixed

puon

upon ſome means of conveying her ſafely to her friends, and that he would return in the morning to fetch her.

There was ſomething in this ſtory ſo extraordinary, and indeed ſo improbable—for all that is "true is not likely," that it is not to be wondered at if it were received with more ſuſpicion than confidence; but William had the gift of perſuaſion. The open candour that was painted in his countenance, the gentle tone of his voice, and, above all, the irreſiſtible power of truth, even when it wears the appearance of falſehood, prevailed. Nor did the appearance of Mary contribute a little to moving the heart of the farmer's wife in her favour. Her uncommon beauty, her diſtreſs, and evident fatigue, lulled aſleep every ſuſpicion to her diſadvantage, and, after a few moments heſitation, the good woman ſaid, with a gracious ſmile, "Pray come in; you ſeem, indeed, very weary, and you are welcome to what this houſe affords."

Mary ſtrove to expreſs her gratitude—but ſhe had hardly power to ſpeak, ſo much was ſhe overcome with grief and wearineſs.

The kind hoſteſs ſet before her ſome refreſhment, and began to comfort her the beſt ſhe could.

William, in the mean while, was making inquiries of the farmer, who juſt then came in, concerning the next town, and their diſtance from Whitehaven.

To all theſe he received very ſatisfactory anſwers, and ſuch as put new thoughts into his head; and now he began to feel an almoſt invincible repugnance to leaving Mary, even for a moment; and at length he ventured to propoſe, that he alſo might be allowed to continue at the farm-houſe all night. He inforced this requeſt by taking out his purſe, and ſaying, that they ſhould be the more obliged to them for their favours, if they would ſuffer them to pay for

them, which they were very able to do.—This offer changed, in a moment, the opinion that the good woman had before entertained of her guefts. She had, on the firft fight of Mary, implicitly believed William's ftory, and, without looking for reward, had readily granted an afylum to diftrefs; but now fhe doubted not but that they were a pair of fugitive lovers, and fhe thought fhe difcovered, under their difguife, the fon and daughter of a lord, or a baronet at leaft. This idea increafed her complaifance and defire to oblige wonderfully, and fhe replied, before her hufband could fpeak, "Stay here all night? Why not, indeed? I am fure you are heartily welcome, and it would be a thoufand pities to part you from this pretty lafs, who, I think, you fay is *not* your fifter."

"No," faid Mary, "I am not his fifter."

"All's one for that," replied the woman. "The further afunder now, the nearer you may be hereafter; and fo pray fit down, Sir, and eat freely of what's before you."

 Although

Although Mary did not underſtand the motive which had induced William to alter his plan, yet feeling ſecure that ſhe might refer all to his diſcretion and his honour, and being more ſatisfied to have him near her than at a diſtance, ſhe made no objection to this new arrangement, and only ſaid, ſhe hoped no delay would be put to their purſuing their journey early in the morning.

William aſſured her that they would ſet forward again the firſt hour ſhe was able to move; and he then began to ſound the farmer, whether he could not accommodate them with a pillion for Mary to ride on, and a guide to conduct them the neareſt road to Whitehaven; which he had underſtood, from his previous inquiries, to be one way not diſtant more than twelve miles, but that the road lay acroſs the country, and was difficult to find.

The farmer, who was reſerved, and ſlow of ſpeech and intellect, had ſcarcely comprehended all that William had uttered, before his

his readier wife had, with a volume of eloquence, given a full aſſent to the propoſal.

"Little Jack," ſhe ſaid, "ſhould attend, then; and he knew every inch of the road as well as ſhe did the way about her own houſe; and he ſhould ride before the lady, if they liked it; for to be ſure the gentleman had been little uſed to ſuch things; and if there was any thing further that they deſired, ſhe was ſure they might command herſelf and her huſband, and all that they had."

The huſband now ſlowly added, "that, to be ſure, ſuch a thing as the loan of a pillion, and a boy to ſhew the road, he would refuſe to nobody who wanted it; though, to be ſure, they were buſy enough, as any body might think."

"What do you talk of buſy?" cried the wife.—"Never ſo well employed, as the parſon ſays, as in doing good; and I wonder when again we ſhall have an opportunity of obliging ſuch gueſts."

Mary

Mary thanked her with a ſweetneſs and gentleneſs that more than ever convinced the good woman of the truth of her conjectures; and ſhe added—"And here is, Madam, little accuſtomed, to be ſure, to ſuch clothes as ſhe now wears; however, ſhe got them on, and they are a little ſoiled too. It does not become ſuch as I to offer any thing I have to ſuch a lady, but I have linen that is whole and clean; and all I have is at her ſervice."

Mary moſt joyfully accepted this offer;—and it being agreed that they ſhould ſet off again by four the next morning, Mary retired to take the reſt ſhe was ſo much in need of. Notwithſtanding her fatigue, the anxiety of her mind prevented her from all danger of over-ſleeping herſelf, and ſhe was up and dreſſed before the appointed hour.—If anxiety had chaſed ſleep from the heavy eyes of Mary, joy had equally kept William waking; and, on the firſt ſignal of her light foot

foot upon the ftairs, he met her with an impatience and delight that well juftified all the fufpicions entertained by the good farmerefs.

The horfes were foon got ready, and having taken a hafty breakfaft, and rewarded their kind hofts beyond their expectations, for their civilities, and the clothes with which Mary had been accommodated, they fet off, followed by the good wifhes of the woman, who prayed herfelf that they might elude all purfuit, and humbly hoped they would not forget her when they were in all their glory.

The penetration of this fagacious goffip would have given William and Mary a very ferious alarm, had not they hoped that a very few hours would now place them out of the reach of any evil confequences of the half difcovery fhe had made; and being now left to themfelves, and at leifure to converfe freely of all of which their hearts were full, they foon loft all confideration for every other fubject.

They had each much to learn, and both were eager to hear the other.—William however yielding his curiofity to Mary's, firft informed her of all that had happened to him fince the fufpenfion of their intercourfe; and Mary now found, with equal gratitude and fatisfaction, that Mr. Ellis's legacy exceeded feven hundred pounds, to which the noble-minded Richard had added another hundred; fifty of which he confidered not as a gift, but as a reftitution, and the additional fifty he had forced upon William with fo much affectionate earneftnefs, that it had not been in the power of this equally generous creature to refufe it.

"Is not Mary," faid Richard, "my own child? What parent has fhe left, if I am not one? What portion will fhe have, if I do not provide it? Who do I wrong? and how fhort is this of what my poor loft Eleanor would have wifhed to have been done, for the darling of her heart?" William would have refifted

refifted all thefe pleas; but the tears, the entreaties of Richard, he could not refift.

Mary wept tears of delight, as fhe liftened to this conteft.

"Oh!" cried fhe, "fee here the impotency of riches! Behold the power of will! This hundred pounds is a mine of wealth fo given. The thoufands offered me by that Lord St. Albans were always but dirt and afhes in my eftimation.—Happinefs, my good friend, is a cheap commodity.—*Too* cheap to be bought, it can only be given.—But proceed, my dear William, let me know all that has been done, that we may the fooner fettle what is to be done."

William then proceeded to inform her, that he, having placed all their riches in the hands of his uncle at Briftol, with the referve of what remained over the feven hundred pounds, bequeathed by Mr. Ellis, he had, with this fum, fet out to feek her.

"I had not," ſaid he, "been able to collect any intelligence of all that gave a value to life, ſince the fatal diſappointment of our projected journey to Scotland. I could therefore only direct my reſearch, by what I could learn of Sir James's family; and, for the purpoſe of tracing his movements from the fountain head, I made my firſt journey into Cumberland.—Here I found, that many months had elapſed ſince any one was ſuppoſed to have reſided at Stanwick Caſtle, except the ſervants uſually appointed to take care of the place.—How falſe, my beloved, are thoſe preſentiments, and ſupernatural intimations, to which we find ſo many lay claim! Or how cruelly negligent was my guardian angel at this important moment.—As I viewed the walls of your priſon, no kind ſpirit whiſpered, that a ſpirit, pure as itſelf, was confined within them:—no compelling influence, for which I could neither account nor over-rule, detained me involuntarily near you. Convinced of the truth of what I was told, I quitted the environs of Stanwick

Caſtle,

Caftle, where you were, to feek you in Bedfordfhire, where you were not. Here I found that Sir James and Lady Caroline had paffed the preceding Chriftmas at Rookby Park, but that neither you nor Lord St. Albans were with them.—Ah! my beloved, what fears—what doubts affailed my mind!"

"If you doubted my truth, or feared my conftancy," faid Mary, "don't tell me fo.—I fhall be afhamed to have more integrity than even my lover gave me credit for."

"Ah! my dear Mary," faid William; "will you never diftinguifh? It is not your merit I doubted, but my own."

"And with fufficient caufe," faid Mary; "if you could add the rack of fufpicion to the ordinary torment of feparation: but go on:—when you come to hear my ftory, you will fcarcely recognize this mortal, whom you fuppofed might be cajoled, or terrified out of her honefty, in the high-fouled heroine I fhall difplay to your view; but how fhould you plebeians know what we higher

order

order of beings, who are deſcended from Earls and Dukes, are capable of?"

"Well, then," ſaid William, "with all my grovelling ſuſpicions, and plebeian fears in my ſoul, which were, I confeſs, almoſt more than I could ſupport myſelf under, I repaired to London; for there I underſtood your worthy parents had removed immediately after the holidays: but "foundations fly the wretched."—My ſearch proved as vain in town as it had been in Cumberland or Bedfordſhire. The houſe in Portland-Place was ſhut up; the family gone, and no one could tell me where.—Ah! my dear Mary, I confeſs to your heroic ladyſhip, that deſpair now ſeized me! I gave you over for loſt, and thought myſelf the moſt wretched of men. At this moment, when I knew not by what rule to direct my inquiries, accident reſtored the clue which ſeemed to have fallen from my hand for ever. I ſaw in a newspaper, amongſt the arrivals at Weymouth, the names of the very people whom I had hitherto ſo fruitleſsly ſought."

"And

"And did not that cure you of deſpair for the future," cried Mary, laughing—"when you ſaw it was amongſt the evils for which newſpapers furniſh a ſpecific?"

"No, no," ſaid William; "the hour for being cured of deſpair was not yet come:—nor was I to owe ſuch a bleſſing to a newſpaper.—With headlong haſte I repaired to Weymouth; and here, indeed, I found Sir James and Lady Caroline; but I found not you:—I even could not find any traces of you. It ſeemed as if you had never made a member of the family; that you had never been torn from the bleſſed cottage of Llamamon. Was this a moment for deſpair to die? an hour for confidence? How often did I aſk myſelf, Is it poſſible? Has my beloved forgotten all her vows? Is ſhe married to Lord St. Albans? My heart replied in the negative; but then how was I to reconcile your abſence from your parents with your ſilence towards me? I rejected the idea of your falſehood as equally injurious to us both; yet it recurred again and again, in

ſpite of myſelf: it made the torment of my waking hours, and the diſturbance of thoſe deſtined to repoſe.—It became the ruling idea of my mind; it was about my path, and about my bed.—It attended all my ways, and, like the guilt-raiſed ſpectre to the murderer, no faſtenings could exclude, no darkneſs hide, and no company chaſe it.—Sometimes, notwithſtanding, I hoped I knew not what, and deſperately reſolute to know the worſt, I reſolved, at all events, never to loſe ſight of Sir James and Lady Caroline, until I was fully informed of your deſtiny.—With this reſolution, I took up my abode at Weymouth, and determined to move only as they moved."

"My poor William!" ſaid Mary.—"How much miſery would a little more faith have ſaved you?"

"The miſery is paſt," ſaid William;—"and I detail it rather as a confeſſion, than as a claim for pity.

"While I was ſuffering under all the horrors I have deſcribed, one day, as I was returning

returning from my ufual walks of obferva-tion, I was ftartled by the appearance of a fervant, in the livery of Lord St. Albans;—and the next moment a phaeton drove fwiftly by me, in which I difcovered that nobleman himfelf, and, by his fide, was feated a young and elegantly dreffed female. The motion of the carriage was too fwift to allow me to difcover the features of the lady, whofe face was alfo covered with a thick veil:—but—forgive me, my beloved—in that moment of irritation I doubted not but that it was you; that you were the wife of Lord St. Albans; that I was undone:—but where was then the plebeian blood that is faid to flow in my veins, and which ought, at fuch an inftant, to have ebbed back to my heart, from a fenfe of confcious inferiority? Where that humble fpirit, which, appreciating my merit by my rank, ought to have bowed fub-miffively to my fate? Where that fenfe of the advantages attendant on the immacu-late prefervation of the different orders of fociety, which they tell us has been felt by

the wiſe and good of all ages? Where--where? No, my deareſt; wrong me not, in ſuppoſing that it was with ſuch emotions as theſe that I was overcome. I felt—I knew myſelf to be Lord St. Alban's equal; his equal in all that dignifies the man; his ſuperior in all that diſtinguiſhes guilt from innocence.—Hitherto I had been ſcrupulouſly attentive, to prevent the poſſibility of being known by any one belonging to Sir James, fearful leſt I might increaſe any rigour practiſed upon you; but now all caution was forgotten.—Become irrational by deſpair and jealouſy, I thought only of demanding my loſt happineſs at the hands of my undoer; of reclaiming the rights ſo iniquitouſly raviſhed from me; of aſſerting my right to *my own*. Oh! my beloved, can you forgive me for that diſtreſs, which, had I been the wretch I thought I was, I ſhould have brought upon you?

"Forgive you!" exclaimed Mary.—"Ah! had you felt—had you acted otherways, I know not how, even in this moment of happineſs, I ſhould have forgiven you."

"I

"I followed the carriage," ſaid William, "with emotions that, had they laſted many moments longer, muſt have deſtroyed me.—It ſtopt.—I ruſhed wildly forward, to gaze on that face, which, had it then met my eyes, would probably have deprived me of my ſenſes.—I gazed.—The veil was blown aſide—and I beheld—not the features of my Mary, but thoſe of a being, whom I could have fallen down and worſhipped as an angel—as my guardian angel.—I turned haſtily away, at once to eſcape all obſervation, and to ſeek a place where I might, unreſtrained, give way to my tranſports; but I did not withdraw unſeen. It happened that the ſervant, who came to the door, was one of thoſe who had ſeen me in the only viſit I ever made you in London. He alſo was the ſervant who had attended Sir James and Lord St. Albans on that fatal night when I hoped to have received you into my protection at Stanwick Caſtle. I had that night been happy enough to prepoſſeſs him in my favour; and gueſſing inſtantly, on the ſight

of me, the cauſe which could alone have brought me to Weymouth, and knowing how fruitleſsly I ſhould ſeek you there, he reſolved to have ſome converſation with me, and to give me all the information in his power. Telling, therefore, one of the other ſervants, that he recollected an order of Lady Caroline's which ought to have been executed before, he followed me with haſty ſteps, and ſoon overtook me. Recovered from my momentary frenzy, I had reſumed my caution, and was therefore very eager to eſcape from my new friend, whom I conſidered only as a ſpy. To his ſalutation of "Pray, Sir, give me leave to ſpeak to you." I replied, I ſuppoſe you miſtake me for another. I think you can have no buſineſs with me."

"Indeed I have," ſaid Robert; "but be not alarmed—I come to you as a friend."

"I know not how I am intitled to your friendſhip," I replied, "as I know not that I ever ſaw you before."

"I

"I have ſeen you, however, Sir," returned he, "and I ſhall always be happy to ſerve you and my honoured lady, Miſs Seabright."

"I ſtarted at your name, and ſeverely reproached myſelf for having thus, by my unfounded jealouſy, expoſed you to having your name mentioned, and your actions canvaſſed by a footman."

"The lady you mention," ſaid I, coldly, "deſerves every bodys' reſpect; but I ſee not how ſhe can occaſion you to have any buſineſs with me, nor how you can be of any uſe to her."

"You may deny it, if you pleaſe, Sir," ſaid Robert, "that you come hither in purſuit of her; but I have not forgotten the adventure of the garden door at the caſtle: and if I might have followed my own will, I ſhould that very night have proved myſelf your friend."

"I now ſaw all further reſerve uſeleſs;—and having a proſpect opened of gaining ſome certain intelligence of you, I put out my hand

hand to my friend, ſaying, "You will excuſe my caution:—if you have really a reſpect for Miſs Seabright, you will approve my ſhyneſs, in making her the ſubject of any converſation: but I am very willing to believe you to be my friend, and ſhall be extremely obliged to you for all the information you can give me concerning her."

Robert then ſaid, "That he could not ſtay longer with me at that time;"—but making me tell him where I lodged, he promiſed to viſit me in the evening. Robert was true to his engagement; and from him, alas! I learned what was ſufficient to convince me that you had ſuffered the moſt rigorous perſecution; but I was cheered with the aſſurance, that your conſtancy had been proof againſt all. Of your preſent abode, he could give no certain information: he knew that you had been left at the caſtle when Sir James and Lady Caroline had quitted Cumberland; but he alſo knew that it was ſaid publicly in the family, and aſſerted by Sir James and Lady Caroline, that you were then

then placed in a convent in France, for the purpose of learning the language, and that you were to return to England as soon as you were perfected in it, in order to be married to Lord St. Albans. He informed me, that Lord St. Albans visited constantly at Sir James's, with all the appearance of being considered as one of the family; and that the young lady, whom I had seen with him in his phaeton, was his sister.

"But, for my own part (continued Robert) I don't believe a tittle of all this tale: no more does Mrs. Davidson, my lady's woman. It is my opinion she's shut up in some hideous place somewhere, never to come out, except she marries Lord St. Albans: and moreover, I believe this place to be the castle. I'm sure we left her there, with an ill-looking person, as ever I saw;— who I heard tell, when I was there, of a dreadful dungeon some where in the cellar; and I would not answer for it, that she is not pining there this moment; and it was for this that I wanted so much to speak to you; for

for I was ſure, if any body could, you would releaſe her.

"Although I found it difficult to believe that Sir James and Lady Caroline could carry their cruelty to ſuch an unpardonable height, yet did the words of Robert run through my veins like poiſon. The idea of the dungeon had gotten poſſeſſion of my fancy, and I reſolved not to loſe a moment in ſeeking you there.

"I knew not how ſufficiently to thank my kind friend, much leſs how to reward him: but, upon this head, he would not hear a word:—all he had done, he ſaid, was for the love of you; for never had he ſeen a human creature ſo pretty, ſo gentle, and ſo commanding:—that every ſervant in the houſe, except Mr. Wroughton, whom he ſeemed to think had his reaſons for keeping well with Sir James, would have ſacrificed their lives for your ſake.—Beſides (ſaid Robert) I have not forgotten the day when my young lady was firſt carried away from that place down in Wales there. She wept ſo

then, that my eyes ran over to fee her ; and, had I been Sir James or my lady, I would rather have died than have taken her away fo much againft her will: and I faid fo then; though James and the reft of them only laughed at me.

"Think you not, my dear Mary, that I loved this true and ardent friend of yours? Could I do lefs than promife to inform him of the fuccefs of my expedition to the caftle? He thanked me fervently for this confideration, and left me, that I might fet forward on my journey that very night.

"Need I point out to you the hafte with which I purfued it? but my hafte led only to difappointment. Upon my arrival in the neighbourhood of Stanwick, I was convinced, from information, that I could not doubt that you had been indeed confined there; but I was affured that you were there no longer.—What now was I to hope or think? Hope appeared extinct, and thought ufelefs.—I was returning difconfolate and

 wretched,

wretched, when fortune, as if resolved, with one stroke, to repay all her ill usage at once, restored you to my arms, and enabled me, as I fondly hope, to secure you for life."

"Ah! my dear William," exclaimed Mary, "let us not talk of fortune: she is the goddess of fools and knaves:—*let us* own a God in all the good and ill of life.—To Him I dare look up as the sanctifier of those vows, that soon I hope to offer at the altar of marriage; and I dare to call upon Him to bless that life, henceforward to be spent with you."

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

THE lovers arrived at Whitehaven without any accident or hindrance, and were lucky enough to find a ſhip ready to ſail immediately for Ireland William, therefore, having ſold his horſe, and rewarded his little guide beyond his hopes, embarked with his beloved Mary; and, in a few hours, they arrived ſafe at Carrick-fergus.

William's firſt care and thoughts were to make Mary irrevocably his.—The means were

were eaſy ; and he had ſoon the inexpreſſible tranſport of embracing, as his wife, the woman whom he preferred to every other bleſſing this world could offer him. Having now, as they imagined, ſecured their mutual happineſs beyond the power of fortune, the newly married pair agreed to make their way to Dublin ; from whence they purpoſed to ſail to Briſtol ; and, when there, to regulate their future plans by the advice and aſſiſtance of William's uncle.

They took places in one of thoſe vehicles known in Ireland by the name of cars.— William, in this kind of conveyance, conſulting the care of Mary, and that economy which henceforward was to regulate their expences.

When, indeed, they thus found themſelves united for life, ſafe from purſuit and moleſtation, the world, and their way of life before them, and at their choice, they ſcarcely credited the reality of their bliſs.—

They

They looked back upon the paſt as upon a ſtormy ſea, where little leſs than a miracle could have preſerved them from ſhipwreck; yet, in feeling their preſent ſecurity, they almoſt doubted their paſt danger.

The viſions of riches and grandeur that had been held up to Mary, faded from her memory like a dream, and ſhe ſeemed to have no diſtinct traces in her mind of any life but that which belonged to the happy period which had paſſed before her departure from Llamamon; and her thoughts falling again into their original train, ſhe could ſcarcely believe that ſhe owed her birth to any but her lamented Eleanor and the faithful Richard. She had been careful to equip herſelf at Carrick-fergus in a brown jacket, ſimilar to that which had been ſo much the favourite of William: ſhe had reſumed her round eared cap, and had tied on her ſtraw hat with a ribbon of his choſen colour; and, as he gazed on her with ineffable tranſport, "Yes," cried he, "you are once again my

own—

own—my unfophifticated Mary.—Never more let our imagination be troubled with vain dreams of titled tyrants, and fplendid mifery.—Our induftry will fecure us wealth and competence: our affection and our virtue will give us happinefs."

Mary preffed the hand of William between hers, while tears of delight ftood in her eyes.

"Oh! my William," faid fhe; "did I not always foretel that fuch days would come? But happinefs is a more ferious thing than I thought: and I find to be more gay I muft be lefs happy."

They were now arrived within twelve miles of Dublin, when the driver of the car ftopt to refrefh himfelf and horfes, at a fmall ale houfe.—William and Mary, chufing to eat their morfel under the fhade of fome friendly tree, rather than encounter the dirt and fociety that the houfe feemed to offer them, walked on, in order to find fome fuch

 fhelter;

ſhelter; and the car driver promiſed not to be long before he overtook them.

A little coppice that adjoined to the road, ſoon determined their choice as to the place of their repaſt; and William aſſiſted Mary over the ſtile which led into it:—but ſcarcely had ſhe ſet her foot on the other ſide, than her eyes were arreſted by the ſight of a woman, who lay immediately before her, and who had every appearance of being dead.

"Good God!" ſaid ſhe, "look there."

William, ſtepping haſtily forward, raiſed the poor creature from the earth; and Mary, looking earneſtly in her face, inſtantly acknowledged, although disfigured by famine, diſeaſe, and wretchedneſs, the features of her kind and honeſt Agnes.

"What is this that I ſee?" ſaid ſhe?—"Agnes? and Agnes in ſuch a ſtate as this? Does ſhe breathe?"

"Scarcely,"

“ Scarcely,” replied William :—“ yet ſhe certainly is not dead.”

The poor creature at this inſtant gave a deep ſigh, and opened her eyes.

“ Agnes,” ſaid Mary—“ Agnes—you have your friends near you ;—be not diſcouraged. We will ſuccour you.”

Agnes turned her languid eyes towards Mary : a faint ray of pleaſure enlightened them for an inſtant : then cloſing them again, ſhe ſunk back in William's arms.

Mary loſt not a moment : ſhe poured a few drops of wine, of which ſhe had a ſmall quantity with her as a cordial, in caſe of need, down the throat of Agnes ; and William rubbed her temples, and the palms of her hands.

“ Fly,” cried Mary, “ for what aſſiſtance you can procure.—Vinegar may be had ;—

and

and I have been told it is the beſt thing in the world to revive the fainting."

William gave but one bound over the hedge, and was out of ſight in an inſtant;—while Mary, continuing her cares, had ſoon the recompenſe of ſeeing Agnes again open her eyes; and, in a few moments more, ſhe was able not only to ſwallow the wine, but a ſmall morſel or two of bread, that had been ſopped in it.

The effect that this refreſhment had upon her convinced Mary that her diſeaſe was chiefly hunger; and ſhe continued to ſupply her, in ſmall quantities, with a cordial that appeared to be ſo efficacious. She was now able to ſupport herſelf againſt a tree; and, as William returned with two or three other people, had juſt been able to articulate, "Oh! Madam, I always thought you an angel!"

Aſſiſtance

Aſſiſtance was now at hand; and Mary propoſed that Agnes ſhould be carried to the houſe they had juſt quitted, and put to bed. Miſerable and dirty as it had appeared, ſhe conſidered that any place of ſhelter was better than none, and that Agnes was in no circumſtances to ſtand upon niceties.

William had the ſame thought, and had prevailed upon the car driver to bring his car; and in this Agnes was eaſily conveyed to the ale-houſe.

The people were ſomething leſs ſavage than Mary had ſuppoſed them to be, and readily furniſhed her with a room; which, if not delicately clean, was not, however, diſguſtingly dirty. Mary here undreſſed Agnes; and putting her on clean linen of her own, ſhe made her go directly to bed. There ſhe fed her with warm and nouriſhing food, in ſmall quantities; and, in leſs than an hour, had the ſatisfaction of perceiving that ſhe

ſhe had fallen into a ſound and refreſhing ſleep.

This incident detained them unavoidably in the place where they were: but, although they were obliged to ſuffer the car to proceed without them, they apprehended no further inconvenience from this circumſtance than a little delay, as they were aſſured that they would eaſily obtain a conveyance in another car, which would paſs by the ſame place the day but one following.

Mary continued by Agnes's bed-ſide during the night, and remitted no care or attention that ſhe thought could poſſibly be ſerviceable to her: and ſo well did her nurſing ſucceed, that the next morning ſhe found Agnes able to riſe; and ſhe appeared ſo much recruited, that nothing but the want of a conveyance prevented them from purſuing their journey to Dublin.

Mary was very impatient to know what had reduced her friend to ſo pitiable a ſituation; and ſhe, being now in a ſtate to ſatisfy her curioſity, they ſought the ſhade of a large tree, which grew not far diſtant from the houſe; and being all ſeated under its ſpreading branches, Agnes willingly recounted her little ſtory.

"Nothing can be more true, Madam," ſaid ſhe, "than that all my misfortunes are owing to my falſehood to you. To be ſure, it was ſorely againſt my will that I betrayed my truſt; but I did betray it becauſe I was afraid of evil to myſelf.—Now I never thought that I was ſure to ſuffer one way or the other, but that it was better to ſuffer for being honeſt, than for being treacherous.—If I had thought this, Sir James ſhould have cut me to pieces before I would have told a word; but it was my after ſorrows that made me think thus; and then it was too late for any thing, but to increaſe my affliction.—God knows, the bittereſt tears I have ſhed

were

were at the thoughts, after all my vaunting, of how ill I had done by you.

"No more—no more," ſaid Mary, interrupting her.—"Perhaps I am the perſon alone to blame, for whoſe ſake you firſt broke the truſt that is always implied in the relation of ſervant and maſter; but we will not diſcuſs this matter now."

"Well," reſumed Agnes, "when I was turned out of the caſtle, I found myſelf in a ſtrange country, without a friend in the world, and with only five guineas in my pocket. I had no father or mother.—No home to go to, however diſtant. If I could not find work I muſt ſtarve; and who would employ a perſon who had been diſcharged from a reputable family with ſo much diſgrace?

"I applied to ſeveral ladies for a place, but they all required that I ſhould have a character from where I had lived laſt; and, being obliged to name Lady Caroline, ſhe did not fail to give me ſuch an one as deſtroyed all my hopes of employment.

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MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASW

In the mean time, my money and my hopes wore away. I had removed to a town about twenty miles from the caſtle, where I was able to procure, from time to time, a little work, but nothing that gave me reaſon to think I ſhould, in the long-run, eſcape beggary. In this ſituation, I fell into the company of a ſoldier, who was a countryman of mine, and whom I had known very well before I left Wales. I had ſtill a little money remaining; and, little as it was, I believe it was inducement enough to this perſon to pretend the greateſt regard for me.

"It was very comfortable to hear any one ſay he was my friend. I thought I could not be too grateful; and though I dreaded the hardſhips of a ſoldier's wife, in an evil hour I married him. I had not been his wife a fortnight before I had reaſon to repent what I had done. Not content with taking from me the little money I had, he made me either pawn or ſell nearly all the clothes I poſ-ſeſſed. It was not long before he was ordered to join his regiment in the north of Ireland.

"I

I thought he ſeemed very unwilling to take me with him; but, notwithſtanding the little reaſon I had either to love or truſt him, I could not determine to ſuffer him to leave me behind in a worſe ſituation than when he firſt found me, and with leſs hope of mending it. I had been told that ſoldiers' wives were ſometimes made laundry women to the officers; and, as I could work, and waſh very well, I did not fear, but that if any body was employed in that way, but that I ſhould have full as good a chance as another. In ſpite, therefore, of my huſband's unwillingneſs, I reſolved to accompany him, go where he would; but I found, to my coſt, that I had better have ſtayed where I was. He every day grew more unkind and brutal;—and I ſometimes thought he was ſo, on purpoſe to drive me from him: and ſo it proved. When he arrived within twelve miles of his quarters, he plainly told me I muſt go no farther; that he had a wife and children where he was going to, and that I ſhould be the ruin of him, if I appeared there as his wife.

wife. In vain I reproached him with his villainy; in vain I declared, that, coſt *him* what it would, I muſt endeavour to do *my-ſelf* juſtice, and that therefore I was reſolved to go on. He replied, I might do ſo if I would; but that it would be at the peril of my life, as he would rather run the riſk of being hanged for murdering me, than ſuffer me to accompany him. I had reaſon enough to think he would put his threat into execution; and therefore, after much diſputing, and more diſtreſs than I will trouble you, Madam, with, I conſented to accept of five ſhillings from him, and promiſed never to trouble him more. I was now indeed the beggar I had feared I ſhould be; and ſuch an effect had this upon my mind, that in a few days I fell ſick. Oh! Madam, may you never know the miſery of ſickneſs and poverty joined! It would move your tender heart too much, if I were to tell you all I ſuffered. Ill and feeble as I was, I continued to creep on by ſlow degrees, meaning, if poſſible, to arrive at Dublin, and from thence

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thence to find ſome way of returning to my own country :—but hunger, cold, grief, and fatigue, would ſoon have put a ſhorter end to all my ſufferings, if Heaven had not ſent you and your good Mr Challoner to my aſſiſtance. You know how you found me; and you know what I muſt have been in a very ſhort time, if you had not found me."

Here poor Agnes ended her narrative with a flood of tears, in which Mary, from a full heart, accompanied her.

The good ſenſe, and modeſt plainneſs with which ſhe had related her misfortunes, increaſed the good opinion that Mary had conceived of her; and ſhe reſolved it ſhould be Agnes's fault if they parted any more.

"I ſhould never forgive myſelf," ſaid Mary, as ſhe dried the tears that fell from her eyes, "for the ſhare I have had in your diſtreſs, if I had it not in my power to put an end to it: nor can I ever be ſufficiently

thankful to Providence, that has conducted me to this place, that I might ſave a life which would otherways have been loſt for my ſake.—Yes, my dear William (ſaid ſhe, turning to him with vivacity), we may trace the goodneſs of Providence through all his ways. How do I rejoice that my eſcape was delayed to the hour in which I effected it; that we made Ireland the place of our aſylum; and that we choſe to walk on before the car, rather than eat our dinner in that houſe, which I now find was not half ſo diſguſting as I had ſuppoſed it to be."

William tenderly preſſed her hand, in token of his approbation of her ſentiments; and ſhe ſaid (addreſſing herſelf again to Agnes) "I am now in the ſituation which I once foretold you that I ſhould be. I muſt work for my living: if you are willing to work with me, we will never part, and you ſhall ſhare in the good that, I doubt not, my induſtry will procure for me."

"Work with you!" cried Agnes, in a tranſport.—"Ah! Madam, let me work *for* you.—I aſk no more."

"I remember, indeed," returned Mary, "that you ſaid you could follow me all the world over; and, by your grateful affection, I am inclined to believe that you ſaid true. But our travels will not be far. We are returning into Wales, where we ſhall take a farm, and where, if you pleaſe, you ſhall live with us."

Agnes had ſcarcely words adequate to her pleaſure and gratitude; and Mary was little leſs pleaſed, when ſhe reflected that ſhe had thus ſecured to herſelf a faithful and induſtrious friend for every future contingency, and that ſhe had procured a companion of her own ſex for the preſent moment.

CHAP. IV.

THE next day the whole party proceeded to Dublin; and William, after having feen Mary and Agnes fafely lodged, went out to look after the firft veffel that was to fail to Briftol.

In his walks, he met with a perfon with whom he had paffed much of his time, when he was fent to Ireland at the command of Mr. Wynne. This was a gentleman of a clear and well cultivated underftanding, with a friendly and benevolent heart, and of

of quick and warm feelings. He had lived chiefly upon a ſmall eſtate of his own, which he had occupied himſelf.—He had alſo ſome mercantile concerns, in which, before the American war, he had been ſufficiently ſucceſsful. The events that happened in the progreſs of that inglorious diſpute, had proved fatal to this part of his property;—and he now ſaw himſelf, at the cloſe of it, reduced to the moderate income that he could draw from his few paternal acres.

Of William he had always entertained the moſt favourable opinion; and he had manifeſted this by every act of kindneſs and attention in his power. It was with Mr. Eddows that William had paſſed the only happy hours that he had known during his forced reſidence in Ireland; and their pleaſure in this unexpected meeting was mutual and extreme.

William communicated to his friend all his paſt adventures, and all his future

 proſpects,

profpects, and earneftly defired that he might have the pleafure of introducing him to Mary.

"I too have my profpects," returned Mr. Eddows; "but this is no place in which to expatiate on them.—Take me to your lodgings; let me behold this angel of yours, and then we will talk further what I intend to do, and what is advifeable that you fhould do."

No fooner had Mr. Eddows caft his eyes upon Mary, than he feemed to become enamoured of her.

The lightnefs and grace of her form, the intelligent fweetnefs of her countenance, the whole of her uncommon beauty, fet off by the fimple graces of her drefs, and the modeft obligingnefs of her manner, made her appear to him fomething more than mortal.

"Good

"Good God!" ſaid he to William; "is this a creature fit to be doomed to the drudgery of a Welch farm? Can you, for a moment, think of aſſociating her with the farmers wives and daughters of Merioneth-ſhire?"

"Ah! why not?" ſaid Mary, eagerly.—"My firſt years were paſſed in a cottage;—nor have I ever known happineſs but beneath its roof: and do not, my dear Sir, ſink me ſo low in the ſcale of beings, as to ſuppoſe that I know not how to be uſeful."

"Heaven is my witneſs," ſaid William, with trembling emotion, "that my heart bleeds when I think of the indigence to which I have reduced this beloved creature; and Mary herſelf is my witneſs, that I was ready rather to have broken that heart, than to have impoſed it upon her."

"Oh! William," cried Mary, "did I ever think I ſhould hear ſuch words from you? You reduced me to poverty? Was it thus you talked to me at Llamamon?—Should we not once have thought ourſelves

not only the happieſt, but the richeſt of people, could we have believed that we ſhould ever poſſeſs what we now poſſeſs, and poſſeſſed it together as man and wife? Whence then ariſes the cauſe for pity or regret? Shall the ſecret of a birth, that has been to me the ſevereſt misfortune? Shall the feveriſh dream of a few months of uneaſy ſplendor make the difference? And ſhall it not rather ſerve to make what was once only the ſuggeſtions of hope, the wiſdom of experience? Shall we not now ſay upon *conviction*, that happineſs is independant of ſituation? and the offſpring *only* of honeſt affections, induſtry, and truth?"

She ſpoke this with a rapidity of utterance, and an earneſtneſs of manner, that left no doubt of her ſincere belief in the opinion that ſhe ſo generouſly expreſſed:—and William, overcome with love and gratitude, had need of all his reſpect for her well-known delicacy, not to ſnatch her to his heart, and to teſtify,

teſtify, by a thouſand endearments, the ſenſe he had of her generoſity and affection.

"It is wonderful!" cried Mr. Eddows, eying Mary with eyes of admiration and ſurpriſe.—"Do me the juſtice, however, to believe (ſaid he, addreſſing her) that my ſentiments are the ſame as your own. When I objected to your returning into Wales, there to take upon yourſelf the laborious direction of a ſmall farm, I meant not to object to a life of induſtry, but to the ſcene where that induſtry was to be exerted. I know that the cultivators of the earth are the moſt independant and reſpectable of mankind; but England is no place in which to lay claim to that independance, or to expect that reſpectability which ought to attend upon ſuch a ſituation. Society is there too far advanced. Independance is there ſcarcely to be found in *any* rank. It is aſſuredly *equally* baniſhed from the higheſt and the loweſt, and reſpectability is the attendant only upon opulence and power.

"But does the world contain no ſpot of earth but England? Does the ſun ſhine only there? Have you, my dear Madam—has my friend William any particular cauſe to be partial to that ſea-girt iſle? What have you experienced but the oppreſſive encroachments of artificial rank upon the rights of nature, and of reaſon? You have drunk deep of the poiſoned cup of ariſtocratic inſolence? Oh! turn your eyes to a land where there are no overgrown eſtates, with rich and ambitious landlords, to have undue and pernicious influence over the actions of their fellow-creatures; where there are no great lords who poſſeſs every thing, and a herd of people who have nothing. Look to a land which is *every* bodys' country; where nature opens her broad lap to receive the perpetual acceſſion of new comers, and to ſupply them with food.—Where men poſſeſs the land they cultivate, and where human nature has regained its ancient dignity. Deeply injured, and deeply ſuffering America, thou art this land? And bleeding as

as thou art at thy yet unbound-up wounds, and ſtill ſtretched on the ground, where thy proud oppreſſors, though they could throw thee, could not bind thee. Stript as they art of every ornament that peace and affluence could beſtow, ſtill art thou more lovely, more deſirable in my eyes, than all that tawdry Europe, tricked out with the glittering bawbles of a ſplendid poverty can offer to my acceptance. Thou haſt in thyſelf the principles of renovation; Europe thoſe of deſtruction. Thou wilt riſe more vigorous from the conteſt: thy oppreſſor, even while ſhe carries her head ſo high, and marches forward with ſo proud a ſtep, only haſtens to that ruin which ſhe refuſes to ſee. America, I will become thy ſon, while yet there is ſome merit in chuſing thee for my parent. The time approaches when thou wilt be alone the ſingle aſylum for ſuffering humanity; and though all may ſtill be welcome to thy ſhores, none can expect thy gratitude for ſeeking them."

Mr. Eddows's enthuſiaſm made him forgetful that his auditors were not yet touched with the ſame ſpirit that actuated him; but caſting his eyes upon Mary, he ſaw, in her countenance, ſomething of an expreſſion of alarm, mingled with aſtoniſhment:—— Haſtily recollecting himſelf—"Forgive me, Madam," cried he;—"my feelings run away with me; but (added he, ſmiling) I aſſure you I am not mad.—Nothing can be more ſober than my determination to quit Ireland for America, nor more earneſt than my wiſh that I could prevail with you and Mr. Challoner to accompany me."

William, whoſe principles and opinions were not very diſſimilar from thoſe of Mr. Eddows, turned his eye quick on Mary, to ſee how ſhe reliſhed the propoſal, and had the ſatisfaction to perceive, acroſs the gloom of thought, which, for a moment, ſhadowed her brow, a ray of approbation.—She replied, "I know not why we ſhould be averſe from quitting a country where we cannot promiſe ourſelves that we ſhall find one

friend, while we can go to another which offers us as favourable a field for our induftry, in company with a perfon who appears fo warmly to take an intereft in our concerns."

"Then—then," cried Mr. Eddows, eagerly, "you will go? will you not? For my own part, I have loft almoft my all in this iniquitous ftruggle between power and right: but I make little of that. My individual fufferings are nothing in the fcale of that aggregate of mifery and lofs, which has been defigned and executed by thofe who never heard the cry of war, or abated one atom of their refined luxury, to foften the evils they impofed. I have ftill enough left to be free, and happy in America; and I would rather be a cultivator of the earth there, than a prime minifter here. I turn, with difguft and contempt, from a country, which, not having magnanimity enough to allow the juft claims of a part of its citizens, has wanted the fkill and power to inforce its injuftice: and I hail, with joy and gratulation, that equitable and truly heroic land, where

where we have ſeen the hero quit the trowel for the truncheon; the printer riſe to the legiſlator; and the man of peace and modeſty become the defender and ſaviour of his country."

Mary ſmiled.

"I ſee Mrs. Challoner laughs at me," ſaid Mr. Eddows; "But I ſhould appear more rational to you, my dear Madam, could you know all the details that have come to my knowledge during the ſad period of contention, which has ended ſo glorioufly for America, and ſo diſgracefully for England. Could you know the inſtances of heroic ſelf-denial and ſuffering, of patience and courage, of exertion and forbearance, that have been manifeſted by people of all ranks, ages, and ſexes, in that oppreſſed, and now triumphant country, you would not wonder at the warmth of approbation which marks my opinions and my ſentiments, nor at my reſolution to make one of its citizens.

No

No doubt of it (added he) they have loſt, for the preſent, many degrees of that opulence and happineſs that they poſſeſſed before the war, but they have ſecured their freedom, and eſtabliſhed their independance. In thoſe two words there are riches and happineſs incalculable; and low as we now ſee them, much of their lands deſolated, and, loaded with debt as they are, we ſhall, before many years elapſe, behold them riſe to a rank amongſt nations, that will excite the envy and wonder of all Europe. But this proſpect will not be your inducement to migrate to America. It is not a great empire that you ſeek; it is a well ſtocked and well cultivated, but not widely extended property of your own: and this I can promiſe you even now in America. Perhaps the war may have introduced luxury, and a relaxation of morals into the great towns, and the ſettlements upon the ſea coaſt: but the continent of America may be ſaid to be almoſt boundleſs. It is but going back a little, and we ſhall find the ſimplicity, frugality, order, induſtry, and

and virtue, that we ſeek. We ſhall find where the idle may be employed, the uſeleſs become uſeful, and the poor rich. Not, indeed, in gold and ſilver. The cultivators of the back ſettlements of America will have little to do with theſe metals: but wealth, of the beſt and moſt permanent ſort, will be yielded without a fear of diſappointment, to the ſtrenuous hand of induſtry. The wealth of cleared lands, cattle, good houſes, good clothes, and an increaſe of people to enjoy them. There is none of that difficulty of beginning, that contention which overſets ſo many in Europe. There is room for every body in America. Two hundred miles is a trifle. Where, indeed, is that ſtation which can confer a more ſubſtantial happineſs than that of an American farmer? Poſſeſſing freedom of action and freedom of thought! Working for himſelf. Idleneſs and poverty, the cauſes of ſo many crimes, unknown in his family. Each individual ſeeking, in the proſecution of his lawful buſineſs, the honeſt gain that ſupports him, finds every period

of

of his life filled with the labour that brings plenty, or the pleaſure that enjoys it In-duſtry has here a boundleſs field to exert itſelf in, and give mankind the full rewards of their induſtry; allow them to enjoy the fruits of their labour, under the peaceful ſhade of their vines and their fig trees; leave their natural activity unſhackled and free; and, like a fair ſtream without dams, they will fertilize every ſoil on which they tread, and ſpread cheerfulneſs and plenty wherever they wander."

"No more—no more," cried Mary.—"I ſhall think every moment an age until I embark for America."

William's approbation was not leſs lively or animated than Mary's: and to America, from this moment, it was reſolved that they ſhould go. Every reflection that they made ſerved to confirm them in this reſolution.

"If there are any people upon earth," ſaid Mary, "whoſe every tye to their native

country

country is loosened, we are those people.— The most sacred bands of nature have been broken to oppress us. I have been abandoned in my infancy by those who gave me birth, and reclaimed only to be made more miserable. You have been treated with the extremest harshness for pursuing the feelings of an enlightened mind, and an ingenuous heart; and you have had the parental door shut against you, only because you would not resign the inalienable right of chusing for yourself a companion for life. Those who supplied the place of the best of parents to us are no more! What then should detain us in England? Its blessings are not made for us. Even now we may be the objects of a pursuit and inquiry, which, if successful, may doom us to punishment, guiltless of a crime. Let us be gone. The world is before us. It is not that we quit a paradise, but that we seek one. It is beyond the Atlantic that nature will resume her rights. It is there we shall find that country, those parents, those friends, those

possessions we should in vain seek for in England. Your kind Mr Eddows, my dear William, seems the angel destined to conduct us from prison and death to liberty and safety.—Let us not hesitate to follow him."

All the arrangements necessary for this design were soon made. William resolved to repair to Bristol, where, having settled his affairs with his uncle, it was appointed that he should rejoin Mary at Cork, where, in the mean time, Mr. Eddows engaged to conduct her and Agnes. From Cork they were to sail together to America; and, as they were all equally desirous to quit Europe with as much expedition as possible, William lost no time in sailing for England.—He did not forget to inform his friend Robert of the success with which his pursuit after Mary had been crowned; enjoining him, however, to secrecy, until they were beyond all British jurisdiction;—for he still trembled, lest the power of Sir James and

and Lady Caroline ſhould find the means to ſnatch his Mary from his arms.

William found no difficulty in adjuſting every thing relative to his ſmall property, in the moſt ſatisfactory manner; and he had the additional pleaſure of receiving his uncle's full approbation to his ſcheme. The expediency of it appeared more evident, from the intelligence he received at Briſtol, that the ſtricteſt inquiries had been making both after him and Mary in the neighbourhood of Llamamon; and, as he could not doubt from what quarter ſuch inquiries proceeded, he drew the inference, that were he and Mary to ſettle in England, they could not hope to remain unmoleſted there.

William, therefore, having ſettled his affairs in England with all the diſpatch poſſible haſtened to Cork. Here he found Mary ſafe and well, under the protection of their good friend Mr. Eddows, who every day grew more and more attached to her, and

and teſtified his friendſhip by every means in his power. But William found not only Mary, but, to his infinite ſurpriſe, he found Robert alſo. This worthy perſon, on the receipt of William's letter, immediately conceived the deſign of ſeeking *his* fortune alſo in America; and, for that purpoſe, he had made the beſt of his way to Cork, where, introducing himſelf to Mary, he earneſtly beſought her that ſhe would become his advocate with William, to ſuffer him to go under his auſpices to America. Mary joyfully conſented; and Agnes, having already teſtified her ready concurrence to the alteration in the plans of thoſe to whom ſhe had attached herſelf, William and Mary ſeemed to be provided not only with ſervants, but friends. Their virtues and their engaging manners had indeed ſecured to them a treaſure, which probably Xerxes would have ſought for through his whole numerous train in vain.

Nothing

Nothing now detained this little band of emigrants any longer in Europe; and William had not been arrived at Cork many days before the whole party embarked in a ſhip bound for Philadelphia, and bad it adieu for ever.

CHAP. V.

MARY had promiſed Anna, that wherever ſhe went, or whatever was her fate, ſhe would not fail to inform her of all that happened to her. This was a duty it was not poſſible ſhe ſhould forget. She had written

written to her from Carrick-fergus an account of her rencontre with William, and the conſequences of it: from Cork ſhe gave her a more circumſtantial hiſtory of all that had befallen her, and of her plans for the future. She engaged to tranſmit the earlieſt and moſt particular account of her arrival in America, and of every event that might happen to her there:—urging her, in return, not to omit giving her full details of all that concerned herſelf, and entreating that ſhe would inform her of every thing that came to her knowledge relative to Sir James and Lady Caroline.

As Anna was the ſingle tye by which Mary ſtill felt herſelf attached to England, ſo was the farewell to her the only adieu that ſhe had to make; and the thought that ſhe ſhould never again behold this kind and affectionate friend, was the ſingle regret that reſted on her mind.

Of the painful paſt ſhe ſoon ceaſed to think; and, for the future, ſhe ſuffered no undue ſolicitude to reſt upon her mind.— She ſaw William by her ſide; ſhe felt herſelf poſſeſſed of every energy of the mind and perſon; and ſhe doubted not either of ſubſiſtence or happineſs.

Mr. Eddows had provided himſelf with a ſmall but well choſen library; and William and Mary were ſtill more amply ſupplied, in this reſpect, by that which had belonged to Mr. Ellis. They had alſo furniſhed themſelves with a variety of ſmall comforts, the neceſſity of which Mr. Eddows had ſuggeſted to them, and which could be purchaſed much cheaper in Ireland or England than in America.

Thus provided, they began their voyage, which proved as proſperous in every reſpect as the moſt timid fair one could have deſired. They arrived at Philadelphia, and found themſelves in a new world.

In this city Mr. Eddowes had, however, numerous and reſpectable connexions; and he introduced his friends in ſo favourable a manner, that they ſoon found themſelves in the midſt of people who ſeemed emulous which ſhould do them moſt ſervice.

"It is new to us," ſaid Mary to William, "to meet with the ſmile of kindneſs upon every countenance we look upon: but I think it is very pleaſant."

"What happy days muſt it recall to your mind, my dear Mary," replied William;—"and it makes me think of thoſe when I uſed to fly the frowning brows at Llanbeder, to take ſhelter under the hoſpitable roof of our dear mother."

Mary ſighed.

"Think you," ſaid ſhe, "that that dear friend views us now, and approves of what we do?"

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASW

"Doubt it not," ſaid William: and Mary felt herſelf cheered by the thought.

However William and Mary might owe the kindneſs of their firſt reception at Philadelphia to the recommendations of Mr. Eddows, it was not long before the good ſenſe, manly principles, and engaging manners of William, with the beauty, ſweetneſs, and grace of Mary, rendered them beloved for their own ſake, and courted for their perſonal merit. Their ſociety was conſidered as an honour, and their friendſhip ſought as a favour.

"Dear William," ſaid Mary, "how different would have been our reception in the great metropolis of England, if, *with all our good qualities*, we had appeared there with as little pomp and circumſtance as we do here. It muſt be allowed it is very pleaſant to be where ſociety is upon ſuch a right footing."

"It is very pleaſant, indeed," returned William, "to be where man is rated according to what he is, not according to what he has:

has: but do not let us impute the kind reception we have met with wholly to our own good qualities; let us give ſome part of it to theſe hoſpitable Philadelphians."

"Oh!" returned Mary, laughing, "I will give them all the merit of having *found us out*."

But, however flattering or agreeable it might be to them to be thus careſſed, and courted by their new friends, yet, as they came not to America to waſte their time in partaking of the hoſpitable feſtivity of the Philadelphians, it ſoon became their conſtant, as it had been their firſt thought, in what part of that vaſt continent they ſhould fix their ſettlement.

The conſequences of the war had reduced many families to indigence; and emigration was the univerſal topic of converſation.—A variety of circumſtances determined individuals in their reſpective choice, and every perſon could give plauſible reaſons why his

choice was the beſt. William and Mary had no predilection for any ſituation, and were only to be determined in their option by ſuch circumſtances as gave them the beſt proſpect of being ſoon in a ſtate of eaſe. To judge of theſe circumſtances was all that they had to do; and they endeavoured to do this with the beſt ſkill they had, and from the beſt evidence they could procure. But while they heſitated, every day ſtrengthened them in an opinion which they had early formed, of the ſuperior eligibility *to them* of a diſtant ſettlement. Their connexion with England was entirely broken; they had not yet formed any with any individuals in the new world in which they were arrived.— Diſtance, therefore, from the ſea-coaſt, was a matter of no importance to them. Where they were to fix, they were to fix for life;— and the affections that were henceforth to grow up in their boſoms, and the tyes that they were to form, were to have their beginning and their progreſs in whatever ſpot they ſhould determine to ſettle. But they found

found the minds of moſt people in the maritime provinces ſo irritated by the late conteſt, and the tide of reſentment, and partiality to run ſo high upon ſubjects, in which they had but a ſecondary, if any intereſt, that they imagined they ſhould beſt conſult their eaſe and permanent ſatisfaction, by retiring as far as they could, with a due conſideration to other circumſtances, from the theatre on which the great ſcene of the revolution had been acted.

Kentucky now began to be ſpoken of as a country that offered every advantage that a new ſettler could deſire. Its partizans extolled it as the garden of the world. They boaſted of its fruits, its flowers, its climate; of the variety of its quadrupeds; the beauty and excellence of its feathered tribe; of the excellence of its fiſh. They ſpoke of the order that was already eſtabliſhed; of the ſecurity it had obtained from the inroads of the Indians; of the importance it had riſen to; of its noble and navigable rivers; of the canals

canals that were to connect them; of its trade, which, by means of the Miſſiſſippi and the Ohio, was to embrace the productions of the whole globe; of its ſurpriſing natural curioſities; and, above all, of its agricultural advantages, that pointed it out as a nurſery and paradiſe for American farmers.

This laſt recommendation rivetted the attention of William and Mary: and Mary's partiality for this diſtinguiſhed ſpot was but the more increaſed, when its detractors, admitting all its rural and natural advantages, treated the notion of its extended trade as chimerical and vain.

She was pleaſed to hear the canals *were* to to be made, that the poterages *were* to be ſhortened; the mountains *to be* levelled;—and the roads *to be* formed.

Already weaned and diſguſted by the buſtle and tumult of the commercial city of Philadelphia, the hurry and opulence of trade entered

entered not into her ideas of happineſs. She heard with pleaſure of the unſettled country that yet divided Kentucky from every other ſettlement; and ſhe was not unwilling to hope, that the mountains that ſeparated it from the Maritime provinces would prove an inſuperable barrier to that influx of foreign commodities that were repreſented by ſome as already within the reach of every individual inhabitant of Kentucky.

From comparing the different accounts that their reſearches procured them, William and Mary were convinced that it was a country that offered every neceſſary and convenience of life to the hand of induſtry; and from the diſtance, and the natural obſtacles by which it was inſulated, as it were, from every other ſettled part of the American ſtates, Mary perſuaded herſelf that the ſimplicity and innocence of rural life, ſo conſonant to her taſte, and ſo dear to her heart, would linger there longer than in any other part of the continent; and ſhe declared her

opinion to William, that no where could they fix ſo much to their happineſs and advantage as in Kentucky.

William, whoſe heart overflowed with gratitude and love to Mary, while he thought, as he ſcarcely ever ceaſed to do, on the ſacrifices ſhe had made for his ſake, and the alacrity with which ſhe entered into every laborious and economical plan for their future life, was unable to form an opinion apart from hers. It was not that he ſacrificed his inclinations to thoſe ſhe teſtified, but that his wiſhes ſpontaneouſly followed hers; and that what ſhe deſired appeared to be moſt deſirable to him. If, therefore, Kentucky was in her eyes preferable to every other part of America, it was ſo in William's too; and then it was reſolved that they ſhould go.

Mr. Eddows, indiſſolubly attached by affection both to William and Mary, declared his firm determination to adhere to them,

let them ſettle where they would.—Nor was his reaſon leſs ſatisfied with all that he heard of this riſing ſtate, than his heart was gratified by the thought of remaining with two people, whom, the more he knew, the more cauſe he found to love.

CHAP VI.

THE reſolution of this little party to make Kentucky the place of their future abode was yet ſcarcely formed, when there happened a circumſtance that fixed them irrevocably in this determination, and opened a proſpect to their hopes, that made their

 choice,

choice, by many degrees, more eligible than they had flattered themſelves it could have been.

Amidſt the variety of company to whom the hoſpitality of the Philadelphians had introduced our emigrants, the family of Colonel Humberſton had appeared to them moſt intereſting. It conſiſted of the Colonel, his wife, and three daughters;—the eldeſt ſcarcely nineteen, and the other two ten and eleven years of age.

Colonel Humberſton had poſſeſſed an ample property in Virginia; and, before the war, had lived in eaſe and affluence. But, as he was one of the firſt who had taken arms in defence of the liberty of his country, ſo was he one of thoſe who were moſt eager in the proſecution of a diſpute which he thought juſtified by every law, moral and divine. Property appeared to him as dirt in compariſon with the vindication of his country's rights, and the eſtabliſhment of her

her freedom. And from this indifference to his perſonal intereſt, it had happened, that the ſtruggles which ſecured independance to America deprived Colonel Humberſton of nearly all that he could call his own, his courage and his honour excepted. Yet he beheld himſelf poor without regret, and lamented only that he had not had more to ſacrifice. Even the tendereſt affections that ever ſwelled the heart of a huſband or a father, checked not the glow of honeſt exultation that aroſe in his mind, when he thought of all he had given to his country.

"I have reduced my wife to penury," would he ſay.—"I have deprived my girls of their portions—but——I have made them *free*. They may now look around them with the conſcious dignity that becomes the citizens of a liberated and independant ſtate; and my wife I hope partakes ſufficiently of my ſpirit; and I truſt I have communicated enough of my own blood to my girls, to receive from them all the thanks to which I am

am ſo juſtly intitled for the choice I have made.

Mrs. Humberſton's heart beat, it is true, in uniſon with that of her huſband. Deſcended from anceſtors who had fought, in the wiles and foreſts of America, that freedom of thought and action which was denied them in Europe, ſhe had imbibed with her mother's milk the pureſt principles of republicaniſm; and ſhe preferred, with the utmoſt ſincerity of mind, the coarſeſt ruſſet ſtuff, when worn in a land of freedom, to the moſt gorgeous garment that could be beſtowed by the hand of a monarch. She had ſeen, therefore, the diminution of their property rather with exultation than repining; and now that it was almoſt wholly gone, ſhe appeared more proud of her poverty than the moſt oſtentatious perſon could have been of their riches. Notwithſtanding this decided and vigorous turn of mind, her manners were gentle and feminine; her heart ſoft and yielding; and her temper ſweet and obliging.

obliging. Her two youngeſt girls, although too young to underſtand the principles that ſhe had taken pains to inſtil into their infant minds, had yet caught the ſpirit of their parents, and could ſhew with exultation the coarſeneſs of their garments, and tell you that they wore thoſe, becauſe America was free.

But it was not thus with the beautiful Agatha. Educated in the family of a relation who reſided at New-York, a weak and vain woman, and an obſtinate royaliſt, ſhe had, by this lady, been taught to connect the ideas of eaſe and affluence with thoſe of ſubmiſſion to the claims of Great Britain, and of poverty and hardſhip, with reſiſtance to its will. Every day ſhe found that the part which her father had taken had deprived her of ſome gratification or of ſome comfort, and at the moment when her charms drew round her a crowd of lovers; and the pleaſures and luxuries of New-York ſeemed ready to be poured at her feet, ſhe was told to prepare to depart for a region,

ſeparated

ſeparated nearly two hundred miles from every civilized country, by high and rugged mountains, and by wilds almoſt impaſſable; a region that was repreſented to her as expoſed to the inroads of the moſt ferocious ſavages; a region whoſe luxuries were the berries of the wood, and the current of the brook; where a wretched log houſe would be her only ſhelter, and where unceaſing toil would be neceſſary to preſerve a miſerable exiſtence.

Who can wonder that the timid and too refined Agatha ſhrunk from ſuch a proſpect?

Colonel Humberſton had received from the ſtate of Virginia a grant of ſeveral thouſand acres in the country of Kentucky; and, having collected the little remains of his property, he had taken Philadelphia in his way to that ſettlement, in order that Mrs. Humberſton might ſee her friends and relations, who reſided in that city, before ſhe undertook a journey into ſo diſtant a country,

from

from whence it was probable ſhe would return no more. Agatha had been ordered to join the family party; and ſhe now, after a ſeparation of ſome years, met her parents in Philadelphia, with a heart half broken by the thoughts of all that ſhe had left behind her in New-York, and all that ſhe was to look forward to in Kentucky.

Colonel Humberſton eagerly deſired to take out ſettlers with him; and he particularly wiſhed them to be ſuch, who, from having ſome property, would be able to purchaſe ſome parts of his lands from him. He no ſooner, therefore, underſtood the ſituation and the wiſhes of Mr. Eddows and William, than he endeavoured to allure them by every inducement he could hold out, to accompany him to Kentucky.

Their wiſhes met him more than half way, and it was ſoon determined that Mr. Eddows and his friends ſhould join Colonel Humberſton's travelling party; that they

ſhould

ſhould proceed all together to Kentucky;—and, when there, ſhould act as circumſtances and events might require.

Of labourers who had families, they were able to collect nearly a dozen; and over the female part of theſe Agnes was conſtituted a kind of governeſs; and greater weight was given to her authority, by her having, ſince her arrival in America, become the wife of Robert, who was appointed the ſuperintendant of this part of the colony.

Every individual of this little ſociety, the drooping Agatha alone excepted, longed impatiently for the time when they might begin their journey.

Mary, who had now fully recovered her natural flow of ſpirits, felt her heart bound as the moment approached when ſhe was to begin a life of induſtry, from which ſhe promiſed herſelf that degree of affluence, that, according to her notions, provided for every

demand

demand of happineſs. She thought, with tranſport, of the new world that was about to open to her view; of the beautiful and majeſtic ſcenes of nature which were to ſurround her; of the flowers that were to ſpring ſpontaneouſly at her feet; of the fruits that were to hang from every tree under which ſhe ſhould repoſe. She liſtened with avidity to the wonderful tales of the capacious caves, curiouſly ſupported by pillars, and arched by vaults formed by the hand of nature alone. Of the ſubterranean lakes; of the precipices of white marble, the banks of the rivers covered with groves of red cedar; of the ſprings and ponds of bitumen, which anſwer all the purpoſes of the fineſt lamp oil; of the amazing quantities of ſalt ſprings which conſtantly emit water that yields the fineſt ſalt in inexhauſtible quantities; of thoſe ſtupendous bones which have hitherto puzzled the inquiries of the moſt able naturaliſts.—In a word, to all that variety of beauty and wonder that the enchanted land of Kentucky exhibits to the aſtoniſhed

aſtoniſhed and enraptured eyes of an European. She was told of the circumſtances that made it probable that this land had once been inhabited by people further advanced in the arts of civilized life than are any tribe of Indians yet known; and of the opinion that every day ſeemed to gain ground, that thoſe people were Welch.

"Yes, yes," would ſhe ſay; "we will go to Kentucky.—Who knows, William, but we may yet find ſome of your couſins there?"

The ſpring at length approached, and the earlieſt days, in which a paſſage over the mountains was practicable, were fixed upon for the departure of our emigrants.

Three covered waggons were provided, in which it was determined that the family of Colonel Humberſton, William and Mary, and Mr. Eddows, with as many of their people as they could accommodate, ſhould travel. The others, with ſuch of their heavy goods

goods as they could not carry with them, were ſent off in different manners, and at different times, the general rendezvous being fixed at Pitſburg. As the journey was to be made with all the attention to economy poſſible, it was reſolved that the party ſhould ſleep in their waggons—a method of travelling very common in that country, and which may be done not only with the greateſt ſecurity, but in fine weather with the greateſt pleaſure. They alſo provided themſelves with camp equipage, meaning to purchaſe their proviſions on the road, and to dreſs them themſelves.

They were not, however, deſtitute of a few of the leſs bulky and more luxurious articles which they believed might be neceſſary either as cordials or as an indulgence. Such as a little tea, coffee, and chocolate, with a little ſugar, and a ſmall portion of wine.

The

The difconfolate Agatha faw thefe preparations with mingled diftafte and apprehenfion: her heart was furcharged with grief for what fhe left, and overwhelmed with dread of what fhe was going to: but her grief, her reluctance, and her fear, retarded not the hour of departure one moment.

CHAP. VII.

ON the firft day of April, 1785, fhe was compelled, with heavy and reluctant fteps, to follow her father and mother into their waggon.—Mingled grief, difappointment, and difpleafure, filled her mind; and

when

when ſhe viewed the alacrity and joy with which Mary, who appeared to her as well formed as herſelf to grace a life far different to that to which ſhe was going, partook in all the preparations and arrangements that were making, ſhe beſtowed upon her a kind of wondering cenſure; and, with a ſadneſs that nearly approached to ſullenneſs, taking her place in one corner of the waggon, ſhe fixed her eyes, bedewed with tears, upon a book ſhe held in her hand, and maintained an obſtinate ſilence.

There could not indeed be a more perfect contraſt than that between the feelings of Agatha and Mary. While Agatha drooped in grief and ſullen deſpondency, Mary's heart overflowed with ineffable delight and gratitude. She knew not how to expreſs her ſenſe of the goodneſs of that beneficent Being who had thus brought her through all her vexation and oppreſſion, to a land of plenty and liberty, where, with the man of her choice, ſhe was henceforward to paſs a life of praiſe-

praiſe worthy induſtry and affluence-giving exertion: where every faculty of her mind and body would have their full ſcope, and where the progreſs of time might be marked by a ſucceſſion of virtues.

A way of life ſo ſuitable to her taſte, in circumſtances ſo gratifying to her heart, could not but fill her mind with the moſt agreeable reflections. Theſe were aided by the full proof which ſhe had now attained, that their little property was amply adequate to furniſhing them with every neceſſary requiſite to their beginning the work of creation and ſettlement, with thoſe advantages that would inſure its ſucceſs, or would abridge it of all labour beyond that, without which the reſt would be a burthen. In theſe circumſtances, there wanted not the addition of thoſe new and various charms of nature which now opened on every ſide of her. She was never weary of gazing on the highly cultivated and well peopled ſcenes with which ſhe was ſurrounded. The air of

buſineſs

buſineſs and happineſs that appeared in every face, joined with a certain conſcious ſelf-dependence (that feeling which alone gives true dignity to man), enchanted her. Frequently would ſhe alight from the waggon; and, hanging upon William's arm, expatiate on the ſcenes around them; on their own felicity, on the gratitude it exacted, and the virtues it impoſed. But hitherto the country was too buſy to draw from her one wiſh, that here ſhould be her lot.

"This world is too like that we have left," would ſhe ſay.—"Beyond the mountains I hope to find manners and habits that might have ſuited the Antedeluvians."

The ſight of Lancaſter, which would be reckoned a large inland town in any part of England, gave her a freſh deſire to get beyond it. The fatigue of travelling ſhe found imaginary; and ſhe and Mrs. Humberſton could not help laughing at all the horrors

 and

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASW

and hardſhips with which they had been threatened by their Philadelphian friends.

But if ſuch were the pleaſures that Mary experienced in ſome of the firſt days of her journey, the high and impending banks of the Suſquehanna, which gave her an idea of ſavage wildneſs, beyond any that even Wales could impreſs, united with the beautiful landſcapes which adorned its courſe, with the various and wonderful forms of the hills, inexpreſſibly intereſting as they were, ſwelled her pleaſure to tranſport, and left her not the power to think of any thing elſe.

Hitherto nothing had occurred that even the delicate Agatha could call hardſhip. If ſhe ſlept not as ſoundly in her waggon as in the downy beds of New-York, it was not fear or inconvenience that kept her waking: but the ſtate of her mind was ſuch, as nearly excluded reſt; and, in ſpite of all that was done to animate or cheer her, ſhe aroſe every morning

morning with an increafing palenefs on her countenance, and added dejection in her air.

Mary viewed her with the moft fincere compaffion :—her penetration difcovered, athwart the gloom which difcontent threw over her, the good qualities of the heart and underftanding, which Agatha eminently poffeffed : but fhe faw them all in danger of being loft, and perceived the rapid progrefs that unhappinefs was making to morofenefs and ill-humour.

" Agatha muft not be fo loft," faid Mary to William ; " fhe is formed to be the brighteft ornament of our fociety :—fhe muft be my friend—my fifter ; the deareft creature in the world to me next to you, and my trans-atlantic Anna."

" And who fhall make her worthy of fuch a diftinction ?" replied William.—" At prefent fhe appears more fuited to be the friend of a Lady Caroline than of a Mary."

" Oh !

"Oh! you are purblind," replied Mary. "I ſhall proſelyte her, doubt not.—What! at nineteen, ſhall we give up the cauſe of nature and of truth, becauſe art has been a little before hand with us?"

They had now laid in their laſt ſtock of proviſions previous to their aſcending the Allegary mountain; and until they had croſſed it (a route of fifty miles), it was not probable that they ſhould encounter any one (except at the ſtations) but a few ſtraggling parties of carriers, or foot paſſengers returning from the weſtern country to the Atlantic ſtates.

Agatha now ſeemed ſeized with freſh dread; and ſuch was the dejection into which ſhe was plunged, that Mrs. Humberſton began to entertain the moſt lively apprehenſions on her account.

In vain were the gaiety and good humour of her ſiſters; in vain the cheerful ſociability of

of the whole party; ſullenly ſhe withdrew into herſelf, and every attempt to engage her in converſation, or participation in what was going forward, proved a fruitleſs labour. On Mary alone did ſhe beſtow any attention. By degrees ſhe appeared to be ſenſible of the kindneſs and delicacy with which ſhe treated her; and ſometimes, in converſation with her, ſhe would appear to take ſhelter from the cold and ſilent auſterity with which Colonel Humberſton treated her:—an auſterity with which he thought he ought to mark his diſapprobation of a ſorrow that he conſidered as a diſgrace to the principles of his family. This was a treatment that Agatha ventured to conſider both as unkind and unjuſt, and ſhe was led to mingle a little reſentment with her grief. Nor did ſhe think ſhe had any inducement to be more at eaſe with her mother. It is true, that ſhe had no reaſon to complain of any want of ſoftneſs or indulgence from Mrs. Humberſton; but ſhe knew that ſhe lamented

 equally

equally with her father, the political sentiments and refined imbecility, which she was supposed to have imbibed from her aunt;—and she knew, that with him she foresaw and deprecated all the consequences that must attend both the one and the other, in her present reverse of fortune. She imagined, therefore, that she owed her mother's indulgence more to a feeling of pity than of esteem; and, while she beheld herself treated somewhat like a wayward child, who is to be allured to her duty, but without any mark of confidence, or reliance upon her principles, she saw Mrs. Humberston enamoured of the character, the manners, and the understanding of Mary;—her approbation of whom was expressed in so lively a manner, as to be a fresh mortification to poor Agatha. Agatha had been accustomed to praise, and even to flattery: she distinguished not how much she was herself the cause why her mother communicated less with her than with Mary; and, without seeking to remedy any defects in herself, she

pined

pined in ſecret over the fancied partiality of Mrs. Humberſton, and the preference which ſhe imagined that Mary enjoyed in her opinion. As to the reſt of the party, the ſoftneſs of William's manners was ſoothing to her; but his converſation was upon ſubjects in which ſhe was reſolved to take no intereſt; and while ſhe could not always withhold a gracious ſmile in return for the attentions he ſhewed to her, ſhe yet ſeemed reſolute not to enter into any intimacy with him. With Mr. Eddows ſhe wiſhed it otherwiſe. She conſidered him as properly appropriated to herſelf; and, from the notice that ſhe had always hitherto engaged wherever ſhe appeared, ſhe thought it ſtrange, that a young diſengaged man ſhould not be eager to attach himſelf to her. Her vanity was piqued.—And the more ſhe ſaw of Mr. Eddows, the more her heart lamented this mortification to her vanity.

It was indeed impoſſible that the beauty of Agatha could be overlooked by Mr. Eddows.

Eddows. It had, on the firſt ſight of her, made a very ſenſible impreſſion upon his heart: but his heart had felt the power of love before;—it had been gained by kindneſs, it had been lacerated by falſehood;—it had loſt none of the ſenſibility which it had received from nature; but it had ſuperadded a degree of caution which put it out of the power of merely a beautiful ſet of features to betray it again to its undoing. Mr. Eddows intended to marry: he knew that a ſingle man of thirty would be a prodigy in Kentucky, that would be looked upon with equal aſtoniſhment and diſapprobation. He would have been happy to have found the deſtined wife under a form ſo alluring as that which Agatha preſented to his eyes; but, in the character of Agatha, he believed he ſaw inſurmountable obſtacles to his happineſs;—and he withdrew his attention from her not only as from a dangerous object, but with that feeling of diſlike and diſapprobation which is excited by diſappointment.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

To escape from the marked displeasure of her father, from the humiliating pity of her mother, and the neglect of Mr. Eddows, Agatha now often appeared desirous to quit the waggon, and join William and Mary, who frequently preferred walking over the more rugged paths of the mountains to being cooped up in the close carriage.

One day, as she accompanied them in their walk, she suddenly stopped.

"Oh! Heaven!" ſaid ſhe, "I can go no farther.—"How comes it, my dear Mrs. Challoner, that with a form ſo exquiſitely turned as yours, you can be ſo ſhockingly robuſt?"

"Shockingly robuſt!" replied Mary.—"Do you know, my dear Agatha, I am much inclined to laugh at you."

"Probably," replied Agatha, "you are much inclined to laugh at every thing.—I believe you were never ſerious for half an hour in your life."

"Oh! but you are miſtaken.—I have been ſerious, and even dull as you could deſire, for weeks; nay, for months together."

"I am not fond of dullneſs; but I confeſs that I like a character which is more marked by *ſentiment* than yours ſeems to be."

"The confeſſion is not obliging," ſaid Mary; "neither is it mortifying: for I can be as ſentimental as a tragedy queen upon occaſion."

"In

"In my opinion, no occaſion can excite ſentiment more than the preſent."

"If you mean feeling by ſentiment, I am of your mind," replied Mary :—"but can we not feel with a cheerful countenance as well as with a melancholy one ? I will engage for it, that notwithſtanding my gaiety, I feel as much as you do."

"If it were ſo," ſaid Agatha, "how could it be, that, in circumſtances ſo ſimilar, our power of enjoyment ſhould be ſo different ? You are as young as myſelf; your form ſeems as fragile, and your conſtitution as delicate. I believe you have left behind you in England more than I have loſt in America ; yet, while I am pale and ſinking with fatigue and dejection, I ſee your cheek fluſhed with the roſes of health, and your eye ſparkle with the ſcintillations of delight ; yet you, like me, are doomed to be for ever buried in the horrid wilderneſs to which we are going ; there to waſte your health and ſtrength in laborious exertions, that are to be

be alone rewarded by a ſcanty and precarious ſubſiſtence—far, far from all that youth deſires, or that beauty and talents have a right to expect."

"My dear William," ſaid Mary, "will you be kind enough to take this cloak to the waggon; it quite oppreſſes me."

William eaſily underſtood the hint; and carrying away the cloak, returned no more.

"Oh!" cried Agatha, as he walked away, "how glad I ſhould be if my father would engage Mr. Challóner in a diſcourſe upon farming; I feel to have a thouſand things to ſay to you, which I would rather he did not hear."

"You need fear no interruption from him," returned Mary; "he has no taſte for hearing our beloved Kentucky decried; and he probably will prefer the converſation he finds in the waggon to ſuch diſcourſe."

"Our beloved Kentucky!" repeated Agatha; "and can you ſo little feel the deprivations

deprivations I have adverted to, as to call it ſo in ſincerity and truth?"

"Moſt certainly," ſaid Mary; "and I truſt you will call it ſo ere long."

"Never!" replied Agatha, firmly.—"In one reſpect, indeed, I can ſee why you are happier than myſelf; and perhaps it is this circumſtance that ſhuts your eyes to every other evil."

"You mean, perhaps, in the love of William?" ſaid Mary.

"Not only in his love," returned Agatha, "but in the love of all who approach you:—while my father coldly frowns upon me; while my mother pities, but cannot eſteem me; while even Mr. Eddows (added ſhe, bluſhing) treats me like a baby, I behold you the idol and admiration of them all.—My father declares he never before ſaw your equal; my mother, alas! prefers you to her own child; and Mr. Eddows looks upon you as the perfection of human nature.—*I* have been uſed to be beloved, and to be admired alſo. Tell me, I beſeech you, from whence does

does the change arise, and why are you happier and more regarded than I am?"

Mary, who at this moment felt for the poor Agatha the most sincere compassion, replied, with a tenderness of manner and accent that went to the heart of the susceptible girl—"That I am more regarded than you, my dear Agatha, no one but yourself will allow. That I am happier, arises solely from my education. Had we changed places in that respect, you would see all the advantage on your side with tenfold interest: since no doubt you would have made more of the opportunities of improvement which I have had than I have done."

"My education," replied Agatha, somewhat piqued, "was the best that New-York could afford. You indeed were happy enough to be born in the highly-favoured Britain, and basked in the full sun of those arts and elegant accomplishments which there lie open to the acquisition of every female.—I have been told that you associated with

those

thofe who fill the moft exalted ranks, and that you were even admitted to the prefence of your fovereign. Ah! how was it poffible that you fhould exchange fuch fcenes for the horrors of an American wildernefs?"

"You would be fully able to anfwer that queftion," replied Mary, "had you ever been witnefs to fuch fcenes. The life to which you allude was, while I continued in it, my misfortune; and, had it begun earlier, or been prolonged later, would probably have been my difparagement. But the education to which I owe all my happinefs and my merit, if any I have, I received in a cottage. It is to the leffons that I there learnt, that I owe all I poffefs, and all I hope for."

"A cottage!" repeated Agatha.—"Are you not the daughter of a man of rank? and heirefs to a large fortune, which you abandoned for the fake of Mr. Challoner?"

"You do not know my ftory, I perceive," faid Mary.

"I have heard it," returned Agatha, "but only imperfectly, and at a time when I thought

thought more of myſelf than others. If you will tell it me, you will oblige me. It will beguile the preſent hour, and help me, perhaps, for a few moments, to loſe all ſenſe of the future."

"Beguile the tedioufneſs of the preſent hour!" ſaid Mary.—"Oh! Agatha, look around you, and wonder how you can find thoſe hours tedious which are marked by a ſucceſſion of ſcenes the moſt glorious and intoxicating my eyes ever beheld.—And for the future! it is the thoughts of that future which alone prevents my wiſhing that this journey, ſo painful and ſo weariſome to you, might laſt for ever."

"I ſee you," returned Agatha, "every day taking ſketches with your pencil of one thing or another, while I have not ſpirits to look up to ſee what it is that attracts your notice."

"If you did," ſaid Mary, "you would ſoon ceaſe to think either of me or yourſelf. You would be enchanted with what preſented itſelf to your eyes. They too would

then

then ſparkle with delight. Colonel Humberſton would look kindly on you; Mrs. Humberſton would no longer have cauſe to pity you, and Mr. Eddows would find a charm in your converſation."

"But this," ſaid Agatha, a little peeviſhly, "is not in my power. I cannot think as all thoſe whom you have mentioned think;—and except I could, I know I muſt not hope for the affection or good opinion of either my father or mother: but, if I cannot adopt my father's principles, I mean to imitate his example, and patiently ſuffer for my own."

"Ah! my dear Agatha," ſaid Mary, laughing, "how blind have I been to the ſublimity of your ſentiments: never before did I conſider you as a ſufferer for conſcience ſake: but remember, that martyrdom, to be meritorious, ſhould be cheerful. I too am a ſufferer for opinions; yet, when you have heard my little hiſtory, you ſhall tell me whether I have not reaſon to be equally grateful and happy."

While

While Mary detailed the circumftances of her life, Agatha liftened with the moft fixed attention. She had a perfect reliance on the veracity of Mary, yet hardly knew how to believe that any confideration could have induced her to have given up rank, riches, and fplendor, for obfcurity and poverty.

"What obligations has Mr. Challoner to you?" exclaimed fhe; "and how will he ever be able to repay them?"

"On the contrary," replied Mary, "I think the obligation is on my fide. In the kind of favour to which you allude, he went before me in the race: and when I confider that the confequence of his faithful attachment to me, is to be a life of virtuous independance and profperous induftry, I cannot fufficiently exprefs my gratitude for an affection which has preferved me from moving in that wearifome circle of idlenefs, fervility, and impertinence, which thofe who are born above the ufe of their natural faculties feem generally doomed to tread."

"Alas!"

"Alas!" cried Agatha, "how much I wiſh, ſince I am compelled to quit all that in my eyes makes life deſirable, I could think as you do!"

"I do not deſpair," replied Mary, "of ſeeing you ſome time of my mind. But what is it that you ſo bitterly regret? Was your life at New-York a life of unmixed happineſs? Had it no vexations? No mortifications?"

"Oh! by no means," ſaid Agatha; "I had a thouſand vexations:—at times I thought life was made up of nothing elſe;—but then every body told me I had ſo much ſenſibility! My aunt was very fond of me, but ſhe was ſomewhat capricious; and often, for no reaſon in the world that I could ſee, would deny me the moſt innocent and the moſt reaſonable gratification. Then you cannot but ſuppoſe, with my feeling mind, that I could not be inſenſible to the envy of ſome, and the malice of others: both the one and the other have ſometimes operated to the loſs of a ball, or to my mortification

when

when there. Oh! you have no idea of the falſehoods and calumnies that are circulated in ſuch a place as New-York!"

"But amongſt its inhabitants," ſaid Mary, "there were ſome probably whom you fondly loved as friends; and *one*, perhaps, that you loved ſtill more fondly, as ſomething dearer than a friend."

"No," returned Agatha; "I cannot ſay that this was much the caſe. I had a numerous acquaintance, who, I believe, all loved me very well; and there were ſome amongſt them whom I am ſure I loved ſincerely; but the unhappy diviſions that this deteſted war has introduced amongſt us broke many of thoſe tyes; and beſides, when my fortune began to decline, I found it quite another thing to what it was, when I was at the height of my proſperity."

"But," ſaid Mary, "you had numerous admirers.—"May I aſk, had you no one whom you diſtinguiſhed from the reſt?"

"Oh! ſeveral; but none in the way that I believe you mean.—I had no William.—

Indeed,

Indeed, while I was happy, I had no time to attach myſelf to any one excluſively.—What between a round of amuſements, and preparations for amuſement, I often had ſcarcely leiſure to eat or ſleep."

"What then were your hopes for the future?" ſaid Mary.

"I did not think much about it," replied Agatha.—"My aunt, indeed, told me I could not fail to form an eſtabliſhment at once brilliant and happy, and ſuch as would make me the envy of all my companions;—and when I thought of the matter, my hopes were, that this eſtabliſhment might be in New-York; but I have reaſon to think that my aunt flattered herſelf I ſhould charm ſome Engliſh officer of fortune, and that I ſhould be tranſported to England; but this would have been a very ſenſible grief to me; and I never thought of the poſſibility of it without pain."

"May I now repeat my queſtion," ſaid Mary.—"What is it that you regret?"

Agatha paufed.—" What is it that I regret ?" faid fhe.—" Why—why—have I not told you ?"

" Hitherto," faid Mary, " I have heard only of the reftraint your aunt kept you in; of the malice, envy, and inftablenefs of your companions; of time being fo occupied as not to allow you to take the neceffary refrefhments of life; of vague and indeterminate projects, which were yet fo contrary one to another, that probably had they taken a more certain form, they would have been the caufe of the fharpeft difagreement between you and the perfon who had foftered and brought you up from your infancy.—Again, therefore, I fay, what is it that you regret ?"

" Blefs me !" faid Agatha, " it is my fortune; my ftation in life that I regret; is it not ?"

" Fortune and ftation are not happinefs," replied Mary, " as I know full well.—They are only the means of it; and if they have not produced that end, are not, when loft, objects

objects of regret. Has this war, which you so anathematise, and which appears to me so just in its principle, and so glorious in its issue, has it robbed you of one personal charm, of one mental distinction? Are you not still more lovely than half of your sex? Is not your understanding acute?—Your heart good? Have you not still your health, your limbs, your faculties? and, in having these, have you not every requisite for happiness—and for virtue, that essential part of happiness, still in your possession?"

"If I could flatter myself," said Agatha, smiling, "with half the excellence and charms that your kindness imputes to me, I should be indeed at a loss to tell you what I regret; for, with such advantages, it would not be difficult to make friends, and find happiness wherever I went.—But, alas! I am a creature with some few attractions, perhaps, but with no useful qualities, and therefore totally unfit for the life I am going to lead—then I shall be useless; and, because useless, despised."

"But

"But why, my dear Agatha, uſeleſs?" aſked Mary.—"Have you not all the means of being uſeful that health, and ſtrength, and youth can give?"

"I am very delicate," ſaid Agatha.—"You ſee how this journey deſtroys me."

"I really ſee no ſuch thing," returned Mary.—"And what are the hardſhips of this reprobated journey, compared with the toils, and hunger, and dirt, and wretchedneſs, which I have heard detailed by ſome travelled ladies, as delicate, my dear Agatha, as yourſelf? And yet, ſo far from being aſhamed of having ſurvived ſuch toils, they ſeemed to look upon them as a diſtinction."

"I am *indeed* very delicate," repeated Agatha.

"You have been told ſo," returned Mary; "and late hours, and conſtant diſſipation, have, in ſome degree, made you ſo: but at eighteen, with our health, our limbs, and underſtanding, to ſay we are uſeleſs, is to ſay that which nobody will believe; or believing, will hold us accountable for."

"But

"But, ſuppoſing I could be uſeful," ſaid Agatha, "ſhould I therefore be happy?"

"In your preſent circumſtances, I reply, infallibly; in *moſt* caſes, a conſciouſneſs of doing good gives a poſitive ſenſe of happineſs; in yours, it would be ſufficient to chaſe from your boſom all the corroding cares that now devour you."

"You would almoſt perſuade me," ſaid Agatha, "that if I am not happy it is my own fault; and that I have left nothing behind me to regret. Yet I am ſure, when I firſt heard that I was to quit New-York for Kentucky, I was perfectly miſerable; and all my acquaintance told me that I ſhould be ſo for ever."

"Had you told me of any dear friend," ſaid Mary, "from whom your removal had ſevered you; had you left a favoured lover at New-York, although I ſhould not indeed have ſaid with all your acquaintance, that you would be miſerable for ever, yet I ſhould have allowed that you had a real and deep

 cauſe

cauſe for grief. My ſofteſt ſympathy, and my beſt attentions, would have been exerted to have ſoothed a ſorrow which time only could have cured: but now, my dear Agatha, what are thoſe habits to which you are ſo attached, that the breaking of them muſt break your heart? Wherever there are young people, and a fiddle, there may be balls.—Wherever there are human creatures, there may be ſociety: and to you, who are formed to adorn every ſociety, what does it ſignify, ſince there is no one in particular whom you lament, whether that ſociety is in New-York or Kentucky?"

"But ſure there is a difference in ſociety," ſaid Agatha.—"And, after what I have been accuſtomed to, how can I reconcile myſelf to the ſavages with whom I am henceforth to live?"

"You are to live with your parents, and with your ſiſters; are they ſavages? You are to aſſociate with William and myſelf.—You will not *tell* me that you think us ſavages; and I am ſure I have more reaſons than

than one for believing you do not think Mr. Eddows a ſavage."

"Could I live only with you and my parents," ſaid Agatha, "I dare ſay I ſhould be very happy. I already feel a love for you I ſcarce ever felt for any creature before.—You are ſo kind, ſo obliging, and yet ſo true: but this is a vain hope.—With how many ſtrange people muſt I be acquainted! And though, to be ſure, I may avoid any intimacy with them, yet then I ſhall live almoſt alone, and be ſtigmatized as proud and impertinent."

"And pardon me, my dear Agatha," ſaid Mary, "if I ſay you would deſerve the imputation. If you mean by ſtrange people the vicious and the idle, be you virtuous and induſtrious, and you will not find it difficult to avoid all communication with them, and yet ſuffer nothing from ſolitude; but I have reaſon to believe that there are fewer people of this deſcription in Kentucky than in New-York; and perhaps to the idle *alone* you would have no objection: but if you mean by

by ſtrange people, thoſe who make their duty their employment; who are occupied through the day in ſomething neceſſary or uſeful, I will readily allow theſe are the people with whom you muſt live, or live alone; for of ſuch will the family of Colonel Humberſton be compoſed; no other do I hope to have in my houſe; and, from amongſt females of ſuch a deſcription muſt Mr. Eddows chuſe one to place at the head of his houſehold, and to direct his domeſtic affairs."

"Mr. Eddows, then," ſaid Agatha, bluſhing, "intends to marry?"

"Certainly he does," returned Mary;—"and I ſhould be very ſorry to ſee him burthened with a wife, who thought idleneſs an honourable diſtinction."

"I am ſure *I* am not accuſtomed to be idle," replied Agatha.—"Nobody had half ſo much to do as I had at New-York."

"But the kind of employment is the queſtion," ſaid Mary.—"We may be very buſy, and very uſeleſs. I think I have read of an Emperor who aſſiduouſly ſpent his time in

in catching flies. Yet, how eaſy is it to diſcharge our duty to ſociety at large, if every body would do their part.

"I have been told, that it has been calculated by one who well underſtood the ſubject, that if each individual were to be employed four hours every day in ſomething uſeful, that labour would produce all the neceſſaries and comforts of life for the whole ſociety;—and the reſt of the twenty-four hours might be paſt in ſtudy, pleaſure, or reſt. But, as by an undue accummulation of riches, ſome riot, while others ſtarve: ſo, by an unequal diſtribution of labour, ſome ſink under their burthens; while others conſume by idleneſs."

"My dear Mary," ſaid Agatha, "how much have I miſtaken you.—You talk like a little philoſopher.—Where, at your years, did you learn ſo much wiſdom?"

"Oh! you rally me with my wiſdom," returned Mary; "but what common ſenſe I have I learnt from a dear friend who is no more;

more; and I improved upon his leſſons in the ſchool of affliction."

"I truſt I ſhall improve too, then," ſaid Agatha; "for I am in the ſchool of affliction."

"Nay, my dear Agatha," ſaid Mary; "I can hardly allow that.—But ſee Mr. Eddows and William come to meet us:—the night begins to cloſe; let us betake ourſelves to our waggons."

"With all my heart," ſaid Agatha;—"and let me repay all your patience with me, through a converſation ſo ill ſuited to your taſte, by aſſuring you, that if what you have ſaid does not procure me better ſleep than any I have had for many weeks paſt, it will at leaſt afford me much more pleaſant matter for my waking reflections."

Mr. Eddows and William now came up; and reproaching their friends for having ſo long ſeparated themſelves from their party, they aſſiſted them to mount the waggons;—where, after a cheerful ſupper, each betook themſelves to their reſpective mattreſs.

CHAP. IX.

FROM this day there was a viſible alteration in the manners of Agatha. She communicated more with her companions; ſhe buſied herſelf more in the projects that were going forward, and took a greater intereſt in the ſcenes through which they paſſed. But, as it often happens with thoſe, who, having been long wrong, find it difficult to gain credit to their intention of being right at laſt, Agatha found not that her advances met with ſuch a return as ſhe thought ſhe had a right

right to expect; and, not immediately reaping the advantage ſhe had hoped from a change of conduct, ſhe ſometimes relapſed into her former ſullenneſs and diſobligingneſs. She complained to Mary of her diſappointment; and Mary, exhorting her to proceed in the right path into which ſhe had once entered, eaſily led her to ſee that there was, ſomething unreaſonable in her expectation, that ſhe, who had ſo often repulſed the kindeſt attentions of her friends, ſhould be received with open arms the firſt moment that ſhe ſhewed the ſlighteſt wiſh for ſuch a favour. Theſe hints cauſed Agatha to look into herſelf.—For a time, this inſpection humbled and depreſſed her; but preſently it taught her to regulate her vanity, and to place it on a right baſis.

"Henceforward," would ſhe ſay to Mary, "I will endeavour to pride myſelf only on what is really praiſe worthy; and, ſeeking firſt my own approbation, wait patiently that of others."

"Oh!

"Oh! my little Agatha," ſaid Mary;— "I ſhall have you a philoſopher too, I find."

William had, from the firſt, treated Agatha with that true politeneſs which ſprings from a kind heart and good underſtanding; and he now went hand in hand with Mary in the encouragement ſhe gave to Agatha's new-ſprung excellence; and from the indulgence that ſhe was always ſure to meet with from him, he was become almoſt as great a favourite with her as was Mary herſelf.

"Ah! who would have believed it," ſaid ſhe, "that in a rugged travel over theſe inhoſpitable mountains, I ſhould have found two perſons who are dearer to my fancy and my heart than any I ever before knew."

"*Two only*," ſaid Mary, archly.

"Two only," replied Agatha, gravely, and bluſhing.

Mrs. Humberſton was the firſt to perceive what ſhe hoped might be a radical change in the opinions and manners of Agatha: but Colonel Humberſton was not yet able ſo far to forget the conduct that ſhe had at firſt held, as to give credit to the preſent appearances of amendment; and Mr. Eddows had conceived ſo unfavourable an opinion, both of her character and underſtanding, that he now ſcarcely ever thought about her. Mary politically ſuffered him to continue in his error, being aware with how much more effect the merit of Agatha would appear, when it ſtruck him as a prodigy, as well as an excellence.

One day Mary and ſhe, having tired themſelves with walking, ſat down on a ſtone in the road, and Mary took out her pencil to make a ſketch of ſome of the pictureſque objects with which they were ſurrounded.

"Have I not heard you ſay you have learnt to draw?" ſaid ſhe to Agatha.

"Yes,"

"Yes," replied Agatha: "but I was idle, and made little of it."

"Have you any idea of the method of drawing from nature?" aſked Mary.

"I once attempted a view or two near New-York, and I was told I ſucceeded extremely well; but I dare ſay I was not told true.—Thoſe were days of flattery; theſe are days of truth."

"I am apt to believe you *were* told true," ſaid Mary; "as I am, that you would excel in moſt things you undertake. Take my pencil, and try what you can do with that wonderful group of hills which lie off to the right hand."

Agatha did as ſhe was deſired; and Mary ſoon ſaw how much her friend went beyond her in the art of drawing.

"My dear Agatha, this is charming," ſaid ſhe; "I muſt entreat that you will become my miſtreſs.—I ſhould be very vain, if I could draw as you do."

"See," cried ſhe, eagerly, to William and Mr. Eddows, who juſt then joined them; "ſee what Miſs Humberſton has done."

"I am glad," ſaid Mr. Eddows, coldly, "that Miſs Humberſton can do *any* thing."

"And I, for my part," ſaid William, haſtily, "believe ſhe can do every thing."

The bluſh of reſentment and ſhame, which had dyed the cheek of Agatha, on the remark made by Mr. Eddows, now took a deeper tinge from the glow of grateful modeſty, which ſhe felt on this kind encouragement from William.

"By becoming the pupil of Mrs. Challoner," ſaid ſhe, with her eyes fixed on the ground, "I may in time half deſerve your kind opinion."

"That ſentiment," ſaid Mr. Eddows, looking on her with a delight he had never felt before, "is worth all the talents in the world. Pray forgive my churliſhneſs. I am already

already much more of my friend William's opinion, than of that which I ſo rudely expreſſed."

"If Agatha will forgive you," ſaid Mary, "it is more than I will do, except in conſideration that your want of obſervation has brought its own puniſhment with it. Thoſe who cannot ſee Miſs Humberſton's merit, do not deſerve to benefit by it."

"For Heaven's ſake," ſaid Agatha, "have done. You have been endeavouring, for this fortnight paſt, to cure me of vanity;—and now you are taking pains to make me more vain than ever."

"I have more reaſon to complain than you have," ſaid Mr. Eddows.—"Mrs. Challoner's leſſons are in direct oppoſition to my repoſe: yet, ſo delightful is the poiſon ſhe prepares for me, that I perceive I ſhall drink it in large draughts, be the conſequence what it will."

Agatha bluſhed more than ever; but ſhe replied, "May I not then hope you will aſſiſt me in diſappointing the malice of theſe

enemies

enemies of ours. Will *you* be my monitor? I will promiſe docility and obedience."

"If you will add kindneſs," ſaid Mr. Eddows, "how readily and gratefully ſhall I undertake the taſk."

"Ah! I cannot engage ſo deeply," ſaid Agatha; "and kindneſs rather belongs to the maſter than the ſcholar."

Mr. Eddows replied, and Agatha rejoined, until, after about half an hour's walk, Mr. Eddows found himſelf heartily in love; and, from this day, he had no wiſh more fervent, than that Agatha ſhould become his wife.

She, on her part, improved daily in every uſeful and every eſtimable quality; and, before the party arrived at Pittſburg, not only Mr. Eddows and Mrs. Humberſton, but the Colonel himſelf, acknowledged the change that had been wrought in her manners and way of thinking, and gave Agatha a firſt place in his heart and approbation.

All

All parties united in their gratitude to Mary; but no one felt it ſo ſtrongly as Agatha herſelf.

"To you," cried ſhe, "I owe it, that a journey, which I looked upon with a dread little ſhort of horror, has become the epocha of my happineſs. Never before did I know what it was to be happy; nor without your kindneſs ſhould I have known it now.—The future now lies like a beautiful plain before me, which I hope to adorn and ſhadow over with a thouſand uſeful works, and virtuous actions: and it is only upon myſelf that I depend for a completion of my ſchemes.—While, on the contrary, hitherto, if I looked into the time to come, all appeared like a thick wood, through which I could only ſee my way by the aſſiſtance of others: and if I erected lofty domes and ſtately palaces at the end of thoſe viſtas which the adulation of others, and my own vanity, cut through it, I ſtill was depreſſed by the painful ſenſe, that all the happineſs I could look for in ſuch

ſcenes

ſcenes was dependent upon the caprice, the envy, and malice of thoſe over whom I had no controul. Ah! my dear Mary, how ſhall I repay you for having taught me, that, in the uſe of my underſtanding, and the cultivation of my heart, alone lies the ſecret of real and ſubſtantial happineſs?"

CHAP. X.

IT was thus that, in a reciprocation of kindneſs and gratitude, the time paſſed happily away until the arrival of the party at Pittſburg. No evil accident had occurred, no hardſhips had been endured. They had found

found their manner of travelling not only eaſy, but pleaſant; and it would have been difficult for any one of them to have recollected a period of their lives where nineteen ſucceſſive days had been paſſed ſo agreeably.

From Pittſburg they were to proceed by water; and they found it eaſy to accommodate themſelves with a paſſage upon very reaſonable terms.

Having recommendations from ſome of their friends at Philadelphia to ſeveral families ſettled at and near Pittſburg, they ſpent a few days in arranging ſome particulars relative to their voyage, in providing themſelves with a freſh ſtore of proviſions, and in viewing the adjacent country. But their thoughts and wiſhes were bent upon Kentucky; and it was not long that either the hoſpitable frankneſs of their kind entertainers, or the charms of the ſcene with which they were ſurrounded, could detain them.

Every thing being prepared for their voyage, they embarked upon the beautiful ſtream of the Ohio, formed by the gentle and limpid waters of the Mohongahalo, flowing in ſerene majeſty between its ſteep and lofty banks, and the more impetuous torrent of the Allegany river.

For ſomething more than an hundred miles below Pittſburg, they continued to be gratified by the ſight of a conſtant ſucceſſion of flouriſhing ſettlements on the eaſt ſide of the river. But they viewed with concern, and not wholly without apprehenſion, the weſtern banks; where the jealouſy of the Indians, inſtigated by the avarice of the Engliſh traders, had hitherto forbidden the hand of cultivation to reap thoſe riches which nature ſeemed ſo beautifully to hold out to the ſons of induſtry.

The infant ſettlements of the great Kanhaway and Gallipolis a little, and but a little, broke the extenſive wilderneſs that ſpread

ſpread on either hand, as they proceeded down the river. But nature, in her wildeſt form, has charms.—And while they conſidered that theſe were ſcenes through which they were only to paſs, they were able to enjoy the ſavage beauties ſhe diſplayed on every ſide, unallayed by the apprehenſion of any hardſhips they ſhould themſelves thereby incur.

Agatha indeed aſked, with a fearful voice, if Kentucky was as rude and as little cultivated as the land ſhe ſaw: but inſtantly recollecting herſelf—"If it is," ſaid ſhe, "I ſhall be with thoſe in whoſe company I ſhall prefer a wilderneſs to a palace without them."

Mr. Eddows, in a low voice, aſked her whether he might flatter himſelf he was included in the word *thoſe?* and Agatha, ſmiling, replied, "She made no diſtinctions when ſhe ſpoke of her friends."

After

After a navigation of nearly five hundred miles, performed in lefs than five days, they now approached the fpot where they were first to put foot on that ground which was from henceforward to be their home. Every heart beat with hope, or funk with fear.—Each expreffed the greateft confidence that they fhould find all that they could wifh;—yet each looked on the other for a confirmation of what they affected not to doubt.—They landed at Limeftone, and hopes and fears were no more!

* Every thing here affumed a dignity and fplendor not to be feen in any other part of the world. Here an eternal verdure reigns. Flowers, full and perfect, as if they had been cultivated by the hand of a florift, with all their captivating odours, and all their variegated charms of colour and form, decorate the ftately groves. Every gale is loaded with perfume; and the inhaled air gives a voluptuous glow of health and vigour that feems to

* Imlay's account of Kentucky.

to raviſh the intoxicated ſenſes; while the mild effulgence that beams around, inſpires a thrill of gratitude for that elevation of ſtation which the all-bountiful Creator has beſtowed on man.

As our emigrants aſcended from the ſhore of the Ohio, and advanced into a country where nature is a ſeries of wonders, and a ſtorehouſe of delight, aſtoniſhment, rapture, and gratitude, held them mute. What words can expreſs what Mary felt, enthuſiaſt as ſhe was in the love of nature, when ſhe beheld her arrayed in charms, ſuch as ſhe had never been able even to form an idea of to herſelf? And how did her heart overflow with a delight as ineffable as it was intoxicating, when ſhe ſaid, "Here, amidſt peace, plenty, and friendſhip, I am henceforth to dwell!—Oh! my parents, I have often called you unkind! What is *that* which you have withheld which is comparable to *that* which you have given?"

"My

"My Mary—my beloved Mary!" ſaid William, and the tumultuous beating of his heart ſtopped, for a moment, all further utterance.—"Our ſufferings (added he) have been acute; our pilgrimage has been long, but our reward is full; let our gratitude be unbounded!"

It was agreed, by unanimous conſent, that they ſhould quit their waggons; and betaking themſelves to one of thoſe numerous groves which roſe on every hand, that they ſhould ſpend ſome hours in refreſhment and leiſure.—They felt that they were now arrived at their deſtined haven; the whole country ſeemed their own; and they experienced at preſent no deſire to advance to the particular ſpot that was marked out for their future habitation.

Theſe hours of indulgence and delight were carried ſo far into the evening, that it was reſolved they ſhould ſet up their lodging in the ſame place, and that they ſhould

not

not refume their journey until the next morning.

Colonel Humberfton's grant of land was traverfed by fome of the moft fouthern branches of the Licking river, ftretching fouth-weft towards the remarkable band in Kentucky river and the town of Lexington; to which place the outermoft limits of his property approached within ten or twelve miles; while, towards the eaft, it receded towards the head waters of the Red river; the whole including a tract of country, which, from the variety of its foil and fituations, united in itfelf every advantage that a fettler could defire.—Wood, water, cane, fruitful plains, and luxuriant vallies, were offered to his choice; while the country, fpreading out into the moft beautiful undulations, or rifing into gentle hills, from which flowed a thoufand ftreams, formed a region enchanting beyond defcription.

It was to this earthly paradiſe that our little colony of emigrants, after an evening of enjoyment, and a night of repoſe, were to proſecute their journey.

As they advanced, they found the ſoil, if poſſible, increaſe in richneſs: and when they again arrived at the place deſtined for their ſecond reſting ground, they were even ſatiated with delight.

As the weather was uncommonly fine, they determined to form a ſort of encampment with the waggons, in the centre of which they might erect two or three tents, wherein they might reſide with comfort and convenience, until they ſhould have erected a houſe.

This houſe, according to the faſhion of the country, and for the ſake of expedition, they determined ſhould be of logs, and that it ſhould be ſufficiently large to contain the whole party; it being equally the wiſh of all

all, that no ſeparation ſhould take place until the enſuing ſpring. The interval was to be ſpent by Mr. Eddows and William in fixing on the lands they were to purchaſe, in opening a certain portion of ground, and in giving ſome form to the ſpot that each ſhould chuſe for the ſcite of their future habitation.

Their party was ſufficiently large to accompliſh the erection of even a ſpacious log manſion with all the rapidity that their circumſtances required ;—and, ſuch was the hoſpitality and friendly diſpoſition of the inhabitants of Kentucky, that they found each one within diſtance ran eagerly to their aſſiſtance ; each bringing ſomething that might contribute to the comforts or conveniencies of life, or offering ſuch advice and directions as their better experience in the art of ſettling enabled them to give.

"Theſe are *ſtrange* people indeed ! my dear Agatha," ſaid Mary to her one day.——

" They are determined we ſhall know nothing of their country but the bleſſings of it."

"Oh!" cried Agatha, " I cannot bear to be reminded of my follies, now I have abjured them."

And that ſhe had abjured them, ſhe every day gave the moſt convincing proofs. She forgot her refinement and her indolence: in all works of activity, ſhe was the foremoſt in the group; one of the moſt intereſted in all the arrangements; and one of the happieſt in their ſucceſs.

But an hour now approached towards Mary, which fills every female heart wit happrehenſion and ſolicitude. And Agatha, when ſhe thought of the danger and pain which her friend was about to encounter, relapſed into her fears and prejudices.

" What will become of you in *ſuch a country as this?*" ſaid ſhe to Mary; " without

attendance—without affiftance.—Ah! would to Heaven we were at Philadelphia again?"

Mary, laughing, reminded her, that it was fcarcely ten years fince thofe regions were firft marked by the foot of an European woman, and that now they were fuppofed to contain thirty thoufand perfons.—"Do you think," faid fhe, "that all the females in my circumftances made voyages to Philadelphia?"

"Affuredly not," faid Agatha, and took courage.

The event juftified Mary's hopes; it was not long before fhe embraced, without undergoing any uncommon evil, her firft born; and William, in fpeechlefs ecftafy, clafped at once his wife and daughter to his bofom.

The naming of the infant was diftinguifhed by a double feaft. The fame day that perpetuated the gratitude of Mary to her fofter mother, by giving the name of Eleanor to her

her new darling, beheld Agatha receive the vows of Mr. Eddows, and heard her vow obedience, and engage for all the humble and domeſtic duties of a wife.

CHAP. XI.

THE happineſs of this knot of friends ſeemed now beyond the poſſibility of increaſe: but, when they conſidered that this happineſs depended not upon the opinions nor caprices of others; that it reſted neither on rank nor wealth, the ſmiles of monarchs, nor the favours of their miniſters, but that it was the genuine offspring of pure virtue, of honeſt

honeſt induſtry, and ardent affection—neither did they fear its diminution.—The firſt ſolicitude of every heart was betrayed by the morning inquiry, if "all were well."—And the alacrity with which each individual, when ſatisfied in this point, purſued the buſineſs of the day, declared that further they had nothing to deſire.

Colonel and Mrs. Humberſton were happy in the ſacrifices they had made, and the rewards they had obtained. Mr. Eddows, in the conviction that he now breathed the true air of freedom, and in the poſſeſſion of a wife whom he adored. Agatha, in having abjured her follies and her prejudices, and in the approbation of a huſband, for whoſe underſtanding and opinions ſhe had the higheſt reſpect. But, who can ſpeak the happineſs of William and Mary?

All that they had eſcaped, and all that they enjoyed, was unceaſingly in their mind: and, while they ſcarcely knew for which they

ought to be moſt grateful, there were moments in which the *whole* ſeemed more than they were able to bear.

Mary was no ſooner well recovered from her confinement, than ſhe accompanied William to that ſpot which was henceforth to be more peculiarly their own. As ſhe wandered through its fairy ſcenes, with a deſign to fix upon the exact place where their future habitation was to be erected, ſhe found her choice irreſiſtibly drawn towards a valley which reſembled, in her imagination, the favourite valley of Llamamon.

"Let us ſtray no further," ſaid ſhe to William:—"again I behold my beloved Llamamon, and never more will I wander from its enchanting ſcenes. There (cried ſhe) ſtood my dear mother's cottage, and there will we raiſe our dwelling.—That path leads to the vicarage; that points to Llanbeder farm.—Round that point I ſhall find the road to the village; and in that thicket the

the little rural retreat, in which I have ſat ſo many hours with our kind Mr. Ellis."

William, who could ſee only with Mary's eyes, eaſily perſuaded himſelf to believe the ſimilitude; and, ſmiling, adopted all her opinions.

It is certain, that all the flowery regions of Kentucky did not afford a more enchanting ſcene.

This choſen ſpot was ſheltered from the weſtern winds by a riſing ground; at the foot and along the ſides of which roſe a majeſtic grove of the ſugar maple, the ſpreading branches of whoſe lofty trees waved over a turf of the moſt exquiſite verdure, only broken by a profuſion of flowers of the moſt admirable beauty. Here the fineſt crown imperials the eye ever ſaw raiſed their heads; the cardinal flowers, whoſe unequalled ſcarlet dazzles the ſight, diſplayed its beauties; hyacinths, jonquils, the ranunculus, and the

the tuberofe, here united their colours and their odour. Here the rofe and the magnolia diffufed their fragrance: and fuch was the variety and beauty of the flowering fhrubs, that the whole wildernefs appeared in bloffom.

Mary paffionately loved flowers, and was never weary of gazing on thefe her favourites, which fhe had never before feen fo beautiful or fo refplendent. Nor was it the eye alone that was feafted.

The earth yielded, with equal abundance, all that can gratify the tafte, or fatisfy the appetite. The vines, running to the tops of the trees, offered to the hand clufters of the moft delicious grapes. Apples, pears, peaches, apricots, and nectarines, of a moft exquifite flavour, prefented themfelves in their refpective feafons, on every hand. The ground was covered with bufhes of rafpberries, currants, and goofeberries; at the foot of which grew a profufion of ftrawberries and melons,

melons, only to be equalled by thoſe of Perſia. All were the ſpontaneous gift of nature, whoſe lap poured forth in abundance more than the mind could think, or the heart deſire.

Of every culinary plant, root, or herb, there was equal profuſion; while the ſtately foreſt trees roſe on every ſide, affording timber for every uſe; and, while the grain yielded an hundred fold, and hemp, flax, and cotton, only aſked the hand of induſtry to be converted into the moſt comfortable and elegant clothing.

"Poverty in this country," cried Mary, "is impoſſible."

And already ſhe anticipated the various employments, that, from henceforth, ſhe ſhould be engaged in.

A garden plot and orchard were ſoon marked out. The work of clearing the

ground was ſet about immediately; and this, where the underwood is not profuſe, is a work of eaſy diſpatch, and little difficulty.

Mary and William ſoon ſaw their future reſidence aſſume a form that perfectly anſwered their wiſhes; and, in their opinion, this new Llamamon ſoon rivalled the old.

Mr. Eddows and Agatha had choſen a ſituation for their reſidence not more than half a mile diſtant from that of William and Mary, on the ſide of a riſing ground; in the front of which lay a beautiful expanſe of lawn, ſhaded with a variety of large trees and flowering ſhrubs. The communication between the two was through ſtately groves of large walnuts, the ſugar maple, and odoriferous magnolia: at the foot of which grew a variety of the flowering ſhrubs; amidſt which the myrtle, in all its beauty and fragrance, claimed a conſpicuous place.

While the habitations of theſe two friends were thus united by a path-way literally ſtrewed with flowers and perfumes, the habitation of Colonel and Mrs. Humberſton, who were conſidered as the parents of the colony, was not far removed.

It formed one point of a triangle, of which the valley of Llamamon, and Magnolia grove (for ſo Agatha had named her manſion), made the other two.

Between, around, and on every ſide of theſe three principal habitations, were placed the cottages in which their labourers reſided. Agnes and Robert had a more diſtinguiſhed reſidence than the reſt; and, to their good ſenſe and management, it was owing that plenty and perfect cordiality reigned amongſt them all, even from the firſt months of the ſettlement being formed.

It is not neceſſary to dwell on the progreſſive labours and occupations that filled

up the remaining part of the autumn, little, if at all, interrupted by the ſhort winter of this happy climate; nor on thoſe which the early ſpring made neceſſary. Employment was found for every hour, and for every individual; but it was employment that was purſued with pleaſure, and repaid by plenty.

"How comes it," ſaid Agatha, "that the exertions I made at New-York, even when I was moſt pleaſed, were always ſucceeded by laſſitude and wearineſs? While here it is not fatigue; it is pleaſure that is the conſequence of exertion?"

"Becauſe," replied Mary, "at New-York you were ſtimulated to action by vanity, or a thirſt for amuſement. Here your activity ſprings from a ſenſe of duty: diſſatisfaction ſucceeded the one; ſelf-gratulation the other."

Agatha had little leiſure to conſider of what kind of perſons the ſociety ſhe was fallen amongſt was formed: yet ſhe found, equally

to

to her ſurpriſe and ſatisfaction, that nothing was wanting, even in this particular, to her happineſs. Many officers, in circumſtances ſimilar to thoſe of Colonel Humberſton, had come out from the Maritime ſtates with their families; and Agatha had an opportunity of renewing ſeveral tyes of friendſhip, that had been broken by the war at New-York. Thus, while from the order and peace that was eſtabliſhed in every part of the ſtate, people purſued their buſineſs in as much quiet and ſafety as they would have done in Europe, a taſte for all the delights of ſocial intercourſe began to be cultivated and underſtood. Decorum, and even elegance, prevailed in ſociety; and the improvements that daily took place in living and manners, awakened in all a deſire to inſtruct the youth in the uſeful ſtudies and ornamental arts. Amuſement, yet only as the hand-maid, or the reward of induſtry, began to be cultivated. It aroſe wholly from the interchangement of civilities, and a reciprocal deſire of pleaſing. Hence no one felt

felt a want of ſociety; and every one, deſirous of giving pleaſure, experienced the moſt lively ſenſe of it in their own boſoms.

In ſuch a community our emigrants could not fail of holding a conſpicuous place. The ſuperior ſkill of William in agricultural ſcience, gave him a weight and conſideration in all company, that was well ſupported by the goodneſs of his underſtanding and the ſweetneſs of his manners. Mary's beauty attracted every eye; but, when it was ſeen that from the diſtaff and the dairy, to the pencil and the dance, ſhe knew how to inſtruct, to ſuperintend, and to charm, ſhe was looked upon as a kind of prodigy. Agatha, who delighted to tread in her ſteps, gained little leſs admiration; and theſe two friends, now each placed at the head of her family, which ſhe regulated with emulous care and ſkill, were at once the delight of their huſbands, the ornament of ſociety, and the happieſt of human beings.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

IN a ſituation ſo favourable to every virtue and every bliſs, the progreſs of years paſſed unheeded, and time flew unmarked, except by epochas of happineſs and virtue.

Mary had been now nine years in America, without having had reaſon for one ſingle moment to repent having quitted England. Her ſituation, however, was at this period very different to what it had been on her firſt arrival in Kentucky.

Not

Not to dwell on the improvement that had taken place in the country itſelf; on the roads that had been made; the communications between the rivers that had been opened; of the plenty, even to profuſion, of its productions, not only in the neceſſaries, but the elegancies of life;—not to dwell on theſe particulars, which contributed little, perhaps, to Mary's felicity, the domain of the valley of Llamamon had undergone a progreſſive improvement; which, if it had not added to its natural beauties, becauſe to theſe no addition *could* be made, had enriched it with ſo many of the conveniencies and comforts of life, as left not a wiſh ungratified in the breaſt of its poſſeſſors;—William's ſkill and prudence had made him the richeſt farmer in the ſettlement; and every paſſing day added to his wealth. This wealth, however, conſiſted not in gold and ſilver, but, like that of the Patriarchs of old, in flocks and herds, in corn and oil.—His eſtate was well cultivated, and well peopled; his houſe ſpacious and well furniſhed; and, inſtead

inſtead of the whole of his property being confined to the narrow limits of a travelling waggon, it ſpread over many hundred acres of the moſt productive land in the fruitful ſettlement of Kentucky. Nor were his domeſtic comforts leſs increaſed than his riches. Mary had made him the father of ſix ſprightly and blooming children, who already began to ſhare in the labours of their parents, and to be conſidered as the moſt valuable part of their wealth. No anxious thought for their future ſubſiſtence ever croſſed the breaſt of either parent. In giving them juſt principles, and the habits of induſtry, in cultivating and increaſing their underſtandings, they knew that they gave them all that was neceſſary to their future happineſs or their future ſupport. In a country where, in the ſtricteſt ſenſe of the expreſſion, the value of land may be ſaid to depend upon the number of its cultivators, it reſts with each individual to be at once independent and affluent. Strangers, therefore, to thoſe racking ſolicitudes that tear the boſom of the tender

European parent, who, as he ſees the playful infant ſhoot up into man, ſighs over the difficulties and dangers that may too probably wreck his virtues, and will too ſurely impede his courſe in his moſt honeſt purſuit after a ſubſiſtence, William and Mary ſaw their family increaſe with equal gratitude and delight.

William could already tell the ground his boys ſhould till, and Mary point out the dairy that her girls ſhould ſuperintend; and, in this deſtination for their children, they conſulted equally their taſte and their reaſon.

But, although thus crowned with American bleſſings, and wedded to American habits, neither William nor Mary had forgotten that they were born in Europe.

William had offered the firſt fruits of his proſperity to his father, and had implored him to further his ſucceſs by his good wiſhes.

As

As William aſked nothing further, and as the perſon who conveyed his requeſt to Humphrey aſſured him that his ſon neither wanted nor deſired more, Humphrey Challoner was not ſuch a churl as to refuſe his preſent. An intercourſe of kind words had, in conſequence, been eſtabliſhed between them; which, on William's part, was aided by ſuch preſents that his farm enabled him to make, of ſuch productions as, being unknown in Europe, might have a value from their variety.

Mary had never ceaſed to hold a regular correſpondence with her ever-beloved Anna. To her ſhe had detailed her progreſſive proſperity, and her permanent happineſs; and from her ſhe had learnt not only all that related to Anna herſelf, who was early and happily married, but all that was publicly known of the rage and diſappointment that had been felt by Sir James and Lady Caroline on her own eſcape, and the

the consequent miscarriage of their ambitious schemes.

They had endeavoured, for some time, to conceal her flight from the world; but, when it became certain that she was with her lover, and that she had embarked with him for America, losing every hope of reclaiming her, they dropt all concealment; and, in endeavouring to fix a stigma upon Mary, they published their own disgrace.

Mary could not discover, by any thing that Anna ever related, that they repented of the treatment she had received from them, or that reflection had awakened remorse or affection in their bosoms.—And Mary was lost in wonder, when she endeavoured to discover what could be the cause of such hard hearts.

The years passed, and Mary had almost begun to cease to look for the names of her parents in the articles of intelligence with which

which Anna's letters were filled. She had began to believe, that no future period would renew their intercourſe, and that no evidence of her proſperity or her happineſs could awaken in the breaſts of theſe unnatural parents, other emotions than thoſe of diſapprobation and diſappointment.

But Mary had not yet ſufficiently proved the excellence of her character.—Another trial awaited her, which was to crown all her labours, and place her claim to every female virtue beyond the poſſibility of diſpute.

The ninth year of her reſidence in America was now nearly cloſed, when ſhe received the following letter from Anna:—

" Little as you have reaſon, my dear
" friend, to be intereſted in the fate of Sir
" James and Lady Caroline Seabright, and
" fruitleſs as your compaſſion muſt prove, at
" the

"the diſtance where you are now placed, "yet I cannot help informing you of events "which make, at preſent, the topic of all "converſation here, and which I know that "the goodneſs of your heart will render "far from indifferent to you. Shall I begin "with telling you, that you have no longer "a father? Alas! could Sir James ever be "called your father? Poor unhappy man! "How aſſuredly would he have rejoiced in "his laſt hours, to have forgotten the rela-"tionſhip in which he ſtood towards you, "or to have been able to have obtained "your forgiveneſs, for the unworthy treat-"ment you received from his hands.—But "it ſeems as if he, who had no pity to-"wards you, was to remain unconſoled in "circumſtances that, moſt of all others, "called for the ſoothing balm of compaſſion "and ſympathy.—Let it not ſhock your "feelings, my dear Mary, too much to be "told, that this unkind parent, after diſ-"ſipating the whole of his property, and "*more* than his property; unable to endure

"a poverty ſo diſgracefully incurred; and "ſtung with the reproaches of his con- "ſcience, from a too late ſenſe of his cruelty "to you, found means to ſhorten an ex- "iſtence, which had never been a bleſſing "to any one, and had long become a bur- "then to himſelf. A ſervant of the name "of Wroughton is ſuppoſed greatly to have "contributed to ſo complete a ruin. You "aſk eagerly what effect ſo ſad a cataſtrophe "has had upon Lady Caroline? Shall we "not ſay that it was fortunate, in circum- "ſtances ſo peculiarly terrible, that Lady "Caroline could feel only for herſelf? Had "ſhe had a more acute ſenſation mixed with "her ſelf-lamentation, ſhe muſt have ſunk "under her diſtreſs. As it is, reduced to "the moſt extreme penury, from which ſhe "is relieved only by the very limited and "ſtrictly appropriated bounty of ſome of "her relations, ſhe paſſes her time in miſer- "able lodgings, deſerted by almoſt all of her "old aſſociates, the victim of dejection and "diſeaſe. No diſtance—no time can, I am

"ſure,

" ſure, have obliterated the excellence of
" Mrs. Elliot from your memory. Her
" kindneſs, which even ingratitude cannot
" turn aſide from its benevolent courſe, is
" ſtill exerted to lighten the heavy burthen
" of the forlorn Lady Caroline. She ſees
" her more frequently than any one be-
" ſides; and, not being able to afford her
" any other conſolation, liſtens patiently to
" her complaints. She talks to her chiefly
" of *you*, and of the injuſtice and injury ſhe
" has done you: and, having learnt, thro' the
" knowledge that Mrs. Elliot has derived
" from me, of your proſperity and happi-
" neſs, counts, amongſt her misfortunes,
" that ſhe ſhould have a child in circum-
" ſtances ſo flouriſhing, while ſhe is ſo
" miſerable. She acknowledges, that ſhe
" has no demands upon you, even for your
" pardon; yet talks of the duties of a child,
" while ſhe ſeems to forget how ill ſhe has
" fulfilled thoſe of a mother.

"My dear friend, do not lay this ſad
" hiſtory too much to heart, nor ſuffer it to
" interrupt a happineſs ſo dearly purchaſed,
" and

" and ſo well deſerved.—If you think any " ſoothing expreſſion, or fully-expreſſed re- " miſſion of all Lady Caroline's tranſgreſ- " ſions towards you, can mitigate her pre- " ſent unhappineſs (and, in truth, ſhe is " very miſerable), I know I need not urge " you to give her this conſolation.—For " however you ſometimes ſurpriſed me by " your reſolute adherence to what you " thought right, in ſpite of all common " opinions, yet, to the demands of tender- " neſs and compaſſion, I have ever found " you reſpondent. Lady Caroline is yet " too high ſpirited to *aſk* your forgiveneſs: " yet often tells Mrs. Elliot that ſhe can- " not die in peace without it:—but is it " not amongſt thoſe inalienable duties of a " child to a parent, that once you laid down " to me, not to ſuffer a mother to ſtoop to " ſuch neceſſity?

" Adieu, my dear friend.—If the madneſs " and vices of Europe proceed much fur- " ther, I too will take ſhelter in an

"American wilderneſs, and try to be as ex-
"cellent and happy as yourſelf."

Mary had juſt lain in of her ſixth child when ſhe received the foregoing letter. She was in the boſom of her family, beloving and beloved, with ſcarcely a thought that ſtrayed beyond this beloved circle, and unuſed to ſeparate herſelf, even for the ſhorteſt period, from the duties it exacted. Ever again to croſs the mountains, much leſs the Atlantic, was a thought that had never occurred, and an event that, an hour before ſhe read this letter, ſhe would confidently have aſſerted could never have taken place. But ſhe had no ſooner peruſed it than ſhe exclaimed, the colour at the ſame moment forſaking her cheek, and her lips trembling—"I muſt leave you, my beloved friends; I muſt go to England.—My mother is in diſtreſs; in poverty.—I muſt fly to her aſſiſtance."

William

William turned pale.—"Deareſt Mary," cried he, with a faltering voice, "what is that I hear? Do you think we can part?"

"Read that," ſaid ſhe, giving him the letter; "and tell me if it be poſſible to do otherwiſe.—*You* will not counſel me to inſult a mother in ſuch circumſtances as theſe with a verbal forgiveneſs;—with ſoothing words, inefficacious, and therefore cruel."

William read the letter.—He returned it mournfully into Mary's hands.

"Alas!" cried he, "what can I ſay? I cannot indeed counſel you to fly *any* duty; yet that you ſhould go to England; that you ſhould expoſe yourſelf to the hazards of ſuch a journey, and the danger of the ſea!"

"Oh! I muſt not think of theſe," ſaid Mary.—"I thought not of them when I eſcaped from England to avoid misfortune; ſhall I think of them when I return thither to perform a duty? But you were then with me.—I had then no children.—That I muſt

leave you and them, makes the difficulty and the pain :—yet (cried ſhe, fondly embracing him) I intreat you to encourage me ſo to do. Hitherto I have not been ſufficiently happy to have it in my power to ſhew the ſenſe of that duty which a child owes to the authors of her being.—I ought to be thankful to Heaven, who thus affords me an opportunity of proving to *myſelf*, that the oppoſition and diſobedience hitherto laid to my charge was not the oppoſition of ſtubbornneſs, or the diſobedience of ſelf-will, but ſuch as were exacted by the ſacred and inviolable dictates of truth, honour, and integrity."

William claſped her to his heart.

"Deareſt and moſt excellent of creatures!" ſaid he, "you ſhall go to England.—We will go together ;—and——"

"Oh! William," cried ſhe, interrupting him ;—"what is that you ſay? Look on that beloved group, and tell me, ſhall any ſelf-

ſelf-indulgence expoſe them to the misfortunes which hang for ever over the heads of children deprived of their parents? No, my dear William, remain where you are.—— While theſe dear babies are ſheltered by your care, and formed by your precepts, I can fear no other evil from my abſence but the pain of ſeparation; to be repaid, I hope, a hundred fold, by the joys of a reunion:— but, were we both to leave them, not a ſingle moment would be untormented by the dread of a thouſand misfortunes, for which I ſhould hold myſelf accountable. If you continue with theſe dear pledges of our moſt conſtant and ardent love, they will never loſe ſight of their mother, even though mountains riſe, and ſeas roll between us.—You will keep me perpetually in their remembrance:—but if we both abandon them, who ſhall preſerve the idea in their minds that they have parents? And when we rejoin them, inſtead of thoſe loving and familiar little beings, who are never ſo bleſt as when they hang upon our garments, or are

incircled in our arms, we ſhall find ſtrangers who muſt be bribed to approach us; and who, as they ſtand aloof, will examine our faces with their eye, to ſee whether we may be ſafely truſted or not."

William ſighed deeply, and remained for ſome moments ſilent.

"My dear William," reſumed Mary, "hitherto we have been ſo happy, that we had forgotten that any thing could ariſe to give us pain. But what right have we to be exempted from the common lot of humanity? And alas! how frequently have we ſaid, and how conſtantly do we inculcate, that, in the performance of the moſt difficult duty, there is a poſitive pleaſure? Shall we now give the lie by our actions, to what we have been endeavouring to eſtabliſh by our words?"

"You may philoſophize and reaſon as you will, my dear love," ſaid William;—"but to part with you from my ſight, will be

be a misfortune of the heavieſt kind, and the greateſt ſacrifice I *can* make to duty."

"But it *is* a ſacrifice to duty," ſaid Mary, the tears flowing in ſtreams from her eyes; "and ſhall not that conviction be a compenſation to us both?"

As ſhe uttered theſe words, Mr. Eddows and Agatha, who were accuſtomed to enter the houſe of their friends as familiarly as they did their own, appeared.

Starting at an appearance ſo unuſual as that of diſtreſs, or grief on the countenance of thoſe happy people, Agatha haſtily inquired into the cauſe, and was ſoon made acquainted with every circumſtance.

"And will you, my Mary," ſaid Agatha; "will you leave your William—your children; will you leave us *all* for a mother who has uſed you as Lady Caroline has done?—and whom you do not even know will be glad to ſee you, when you have traverſed

mountains, and croſſed ſeas to come to her?"

"I have always thought," replied Mary, "that ſupport, ſuccour, and tenderneſs, are the inalienable duties of a child to a parent. My mother is ſick, poor, abandoned, miſerable.—Could I tranſmit to her a ſum of money ſufficient to reſtore her to affluence, I ſhould not heſitate what to do: but you know our riches do not conſiſt in gold and ſilver.—To benefit by them we muſt reſide here.—It is here alone that I can pay my mother the duties that I owe her. Were I to offer her to come to me, ſhe would think I mocked her; ſo impoſſible would it appear to her weakened mind, that ſhe ſhould undertake ſuch a journey. But when ſhe ſees I have done ſo; when ſhe beholds me ready to lighten all its difficulties; and to ſhare its dangers, both the one and the other will loſe their magnitude. The diſtance appears formidable; but when I conſider, that ſince the making of the new road over the mountains, ſeven or eight days will take me,

me, with eafe and fafety, to Alenondnia ;—and that, from thence, a happy voyage of feven or eight weeks will waft me to England, I cannot calculate my abfence for longer than five months.—And fhall I fet the unhappinefs of fuch a feparation in balance againft the moft facred of duties ?"

William regarded her as fhe fpoke with a kind of melancholy admiration ; yet fighed bitterly, and uttered not a word.

"How difficulties," faid Mr. Eddows, "difappear before reafon, and a fenfe of rectitude ! You do not, however, propofe to go alone ?"

"Oh ! no," returned Mary ; "certainly not.—It was but yefterday, you know, that Mr. and Mrs. Tomafine determined that their journey to England fhould take place in lefs than a fortnight ; and I am fure they will joyfully allow me to accompany them."

"If I were to afk to be your companion," faid Mr. Eddows, would you refufe me ?"

William's eye brightened at the proposal, and Mary's cheek flushed with pleasure ;— but glancing a look at Agatha—" Why," said she, " should I involve my friend in the pains of absence ? Mr. Eddows has no parent that calls for his presence."

" And why, my dear Mary," said Agatha, " are you to be the only heroine ? Do you think I cannot support a laudable separation as well as yourself ? Am I one of those wives who comprize all the duties and pleasures of life, in never suffering my husband to part from my side ? Let Mr. Eddows go with you, and half the weight I now feel at my heart will be removed.—Mr Challoner will take care of Mr. Eddows's farm in his absence, and I will look after your household concerns :—thus no one will suffer in what is of most importance ; and when we meet again, we shall meet only to rejoice."

William caught Agatha's hand, and pressed it to his lips.

" How

"How true it is," said he, "that a friend is the cordial of life! I would myself accompany Mary, but——"

"She objects to it," interrupted Mr. Eddows; "and very properly. Neither should you and Mary, or Agatha and myself, be absent at the same time; and this for a thousand reasons:—but, in leaving Agatha to your care, and taking Mary under mine, I think we shall both divest this necessary separation of all the uneasiness of which we can divest it.—Enough will remain to prove the self-denial of all parties."

"You think it then *necessary*?" asked William.

"Perhaps," returned Mr. Eddows, "necessary is too strong a word:—but I think it highly becoming the character of Mrs. Challoner as eagerly to fly *to* the succour of her mother in distress, as it was to fly *from* her unworthy tyranny, when she was in power and affluence."

"But the distance—the danger," urged William.

"Were you obliged to make a journey to England," faid Mr. Eddows, "would you not confider both as trifling? Did any of us think of danger when we quitted Ireland for thefe happy fhores? And are we not, in fact, convinced that there is nothing really formidable in fuch a journey, and in fuch a voyage?"

"You will not allow, then," faid William, "that I have any but felfifh objections to this expedition?"

"You have *no* objections whatever," faid Mr. Eddows, "to which you would yield: Were the matter left to your decifion, Mary would embark for England."

"It *is* left to William's decifion," faid Mary:—"I go or ftay, as he decrees."

"Then go, my dearly beloved," faid William! "though my heart bleeds at every vein while I fay fo.—*Go*; but never will I impede the courfe of your virtue;—never will I tarnifh your glory."

Mary wept:—but the conviction was ſtrong in her boſom that ſhe was doing right; and ſo feelingly and perſuaſively did ſhe communicate this conviction to William, that, amidſt all the agonies of approaching ſeparation, he took pride to himſelf in the poſſeſſion of a woman, who, unſwayed by any indulgence of indolence or weakneſs of heart, was thus enabled to obey the dictates of reaſon and of duty.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

In a month after the above conversation, Mary set sail for Europe, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Tomasine, and her kind friend, Mr. Eddows. Mary had preserved her fortitude, even beyond the last moment of separation; resolute to leave upon William's mind the impression that she had no fear of what she had undertaken, and to convince him, by the courage with which she bad him adieu, that she was persuaded that their absence would not be protracted beyond the period they had fixed: but, when William

was to be ſeen no more, and the ſhip was under ſail, Mary ſought that relief which the free indulgence of grief can alone give to an overcharged mind.

She retired to her cabin; ſhe wept bitterly.—"What have I done?" ſaid ſhe, a thouſand times.—"What ſhall preſerve me from ſelf-reproach, ſhould any ſiniſter accident occur to thoſe whom I hold ſo dear, when I have thus withdrawn from them my care? Oh! duty, how ſtrong is thy influence over a well regulated mind! At thy ſacred voice I have ſuſpended all that gives me happineſs; and let me not doubt, but that, in the conſciouſneſs which attends the performance of a difficult virtue, I ſhall find my reward."

This thought ſoothed her; and the kind attentions of Mr. Eddows, in circumſtances ſo ſimilar to her own, reſtored her to a ſort of melancholy tranquillity.

In

In talking of the dear friends that they had left, and in anticipating the joys of meeting them again, the time insensibly, and not unpleasantly wore away, and they found themselves, after a prosperous voyage of seven weeks, safely landed in England.

The ship was bound to London; and Mary lost no more time, after she had quitted it, than was necessary to equip herself properly to appear before Mrs. Elliot, who, she recollected, was always a strenuous advocate for a due attention to dress, before she repaired to her house.

As she had given Anna immediate notice of her intention of coming to England, she thought it not impossible but that Mrs. Elliot might be prepared for her arrival;—but whether she were or not, she relied undoubtingly on the knowledge she had of her character for the kindness of her reception.

As the hackney coach in which ſhe was approached Mrs. Elliot's door, a gay and ſplendid equipage made way for it; and, as ſhe deſcended from the carriage, a gentleman iſſued from the houſe, whom ſhe immediately knew to be her former lover and perſecutor, Lord St. Albans. She alſo caught his eye; and, as he looked earneſtly at her, ſhe involuntarily curtſied.

"No," ſaid he, "I cannot be miſtaken: there is no ſecond Miſs Seabright: it is herſelf that I ſee, however aſtoniſhing the apparition."

"It is ſhe who was Miſs Seabright," replied Mary with a ſmile; but ſhe is now Mrs. Challoner."

"Ah! Madam," cried Lord St. Albans, coming up to her, "this is no place to offer you all the apologies that I owe you. May I not accompany you whither I may properly humble myſelf before you, in hopes that you will not withhold your pardon?"

"Not

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARAS

"Not for that purpoſe, my Lord," replied Mary.—"I remember no acts of diſobligation received from you: or if any traces of ſuch remain upon my memory, yet, when I conſider the conſequences, I think you more intitled to my gratitude than reſentment."

"I have heard of you often," returned he, with wonder and admiration; "but I had no hope that I ſhould ever ſee you again in England. If my requeſt is not troubleſome, ſuffer me, I beg of you, to accompany you to Mrs. Elliot, to whom, I ſuppoſe, you are going, that I may inform myſelf further concerning you, and hear a hiſtory confirmed, that I confeſs I have often treated as fabulous, or at beſt as romantic."

"Ah!" replied Mary, "many things are plain matters of fact in America, that are treated in Europe as chimerical and abſurd: but, if your lordſhip does not think it too much trouble to liſten, I ſhall be happy to give you all the information in my power on the ſubject."

Lord

Lord St. Albans then took her hand, and ſaying a thouſand obliging things as they mounted the ſtairs together, he led her into Mrs. Elliot's drawing-room, which he had quitted but a few moments before.

Mrs. Elliot, equally aſtoniſhed with his return, and the lady he brought with him, recollected not, for an inſtant, the features of Mary: but Mary advancing towards her, and beginning to ſpeak, ſhe interrupted her.

"It is Mary Seabright—is it not? that I ſee. Oh! how glad I am to ſee you in England!" added ſhe, embracing her: "and how right and how good it was of you to come there!"

Lord St. Albans ſtood gazing on Mary in ſilence.—Never had he thought her more intereſting; yet was there a dignity in her manner that inſpired him with a reſpect that he had never felt before.

"Ah!

"Ah! Mrs. Elliot," cried he, "how proud ought you to be of your relation.—Is there a woman in England that can vie with her?

What noble beauties on her forehead play;
What mingled grace her lovely cheeks display:
What gentle graces lighten in her eyes;
What charms to youth her matron mind supplies!
Her manners, ſweetly tun'd, beſpeak the ſkill,
With which preſiding wiſdom guides her will."

The two ladies laughed: and Mary aſſured him, ſhe had heard nothing ſo fine ſince ſhe left England. "Spare me a little," added ſhe, "till I am a little accuſtomed to your manners. Conſider the ſtate of ſimplicity and ruſticity in which I have been ſo long living, and do not pour out upon me at once all your refinements."

Mrs. Elliot, then making her gueſts ſit down, liſtened eagerly to the ſummary account that ſhe made Mary give of her manner of life, and

and the circumſtances of her voyage; and Lord St. Albans, who felt his curioſity raiſed more and more at every word, during a detail that exhibited manners and habits ſo different to thoſe to which ſhe was accuſtomed, could not prevail with himſelf to depart, while there appeared any thing to be told.

But at length, being conſcious that Mrs. Elliot and Mary muſt wiſh to be alone, he forced himſelf away, having firſt obtained a promiſe from Mrs. Elliot to admit him as a viſiter at all hours, as long as her lovely gueſt remained under her roof.

When the two ladies were left alone, Mrs. Elliot informed Mary of the ſituation of Lady Caroline.

"Nothing can be more deplorable," ſaid ſhe:—"her vanity and her extravagance, joined with her arrogance in her proſperity, have not left her one friend in her adverſity. Thoſe relations, who contribute a very ſcanty

pittance

pittance towards her ſupport, ſenſible, that were this little left to her diſpoſal, it would be ſquandered away in folly, ſcarcely allow her the ſmalleſt portion of it to ſpend at her will. This is a perpetual ſource of irritation and complaint: her misfortunes have made her miſerable, but they have not cured her of one foible; and I fear you will find her the ſame unreaſonable and ſelfiſh being you left her; yet ſhe will be delighted to ſee you. In her ſofter moments, ſhe deplores, with tears, her neglect and ill uſage to you: remembers that you once ſaid, the time might come when your forgiveneſs could only ſpeak peace to her diſtracted mind, and that it would then be ſeen whether you were the worthleſs and diſobedient child you were repreſented to be; that time, ſhe ſays, is come: but, adverting to the diſtance that ſeparated you, ſhe aſks whether it is poſſible you ſhould traverſe continents, and croſs oceans, to pour balm into the wounds of a parent, who, in your moſt helpleſs years, willingly placed ſimilar barriers between you and

and her, and left you to the ravens' care? She declares, that your image haunts her night and day. If I were to die unforgiven by her! ſaid ſhe to me yeſterday, and all the horrors of ſuperſtition and guilt ſeemed to ſhake her decayed frame.

"Alas!" ſaid Mary.

"She has been told," reſumed Mrs. Elliot, "that you are coming to offer her all the ſupport and conſolation in your power; and her wild imagination has affixed to theſe words the moſt unwarranted meaning.— Already, in idea, ſhe revels in profuſion, and triumphs over thoſe ſhe calls her enemies.— In vain have I endeavoured to perſuade her of the falſity of her notions. She has heard of your proſperity and your wealth; and having no idea of either unconnected with ſtores of gold, it is not poſſible to convince her but that you muſt have mines at your command. America is a terra incognito to her: ſhe dreams of gold and diamonds, and will conceive that you come loaded with

theſe

thefe precious poffeffions, to pour them at her feet."

Mary fighed.

"How little fatisfaction am I likely to reap," faid fhe, "from a journey that has coft me fuch facrifices to undertake; yet I repent it not.—Had I fuffered my mother to die, or live miferable in England, while I was enjoying every bleffing in America, without every effort poffible, on my part, to mitigate her pain, and relieve her penury, I fhould have been fo far from confulting my own happinefs, that I am confident I fhould have been miferable."

"You fpeak now a language unknown to Lady Caroline," faid Mrs. Elliot, "who knows not what feeling is beyond herfelf;—but, how much happier are you, who have fo much more extended fenfations.—Proceed as you have begun.—If you cannot make Lady Caroline reafonable or happy, I hope we fhall be able to return you fafe to your

William

William and your children, with the added felicity in your own breaſt, that ſhe is not miſerable from your fault."

Mary aſked Mrs. Elliot whether ſhe thought Lady Caroline would be willing to accompany her to America?

"Certainly not *willingly*," replied Mrs. Elliot:—"but if ſhe finds you can do nothing for her in England, ſhe will be obliged to comply with any propoſal you may think fit to make; her as I am convinced, that not one amongſt thoſe who ſubſcribe to her ſubſiſtence will continue to do ſo, if they find that you will, in any way, take her off their hands."

"It is moſt certain," ſaid Mary, "that I can do nothing for her in England. In America I can maintain her, not only in comfort, but in affluence; but how ſhe will ever live where the ſounds of nobility never greet her ears, and where the only diſtinctions are thoſe of good ſenſe and good morals, is the queſtion.

Mary now haftened to apprize Lady Caroline of her arrival, and entreated her permiffion to wait on her the next morning, being refolved not to lofe a moment; and flattering herfelf that fhe fhould be able to quit England in lefs than a month.

In reply to her note, Lady Caroline wrote the following lines :—

"Come to my arms, my dear, my in-
"jured, but always beloved child. Come
"and reftore your parent to that fituation
"which the cruelty and injuftice of others
"have robbed her of. Oh! my dear
"Mary, I have a melancholy tale to tell :—
"but, fince I find you kind, I have no doubt
"but that I fhall find you bountiful; there-
"fore, from this moment, I difmifs all my
"cares. My dear girl, you muft pardon all
"my errors; and believe me always tenderly
"yours. C. S."

Mrs.

Mrs. Elliot could not help remarking upon the ſelfiſhneſs and meanneſs of this letter; and Mary augured from it but little ſatisfaction in her viſit the next day.

CHAP. XIV.

EARLY the next morning Mary waited on Lady Caroline; but, when the carriage ſtopped at the door of the houſe, and Mary conſidered the appearance of it, ſhe was ſtruck with the wonderful change that had taken place in the ſituation of this child of vanity, ſince laſt ſhe ſaw her; and knowing that all of Lady Caroline's happineſs lay in

appearance, ſhe wondered not at the degree of wretchedneſs ſhe was told had was fallen into.

Inſtead of the ſpacious entrance filled with ſervants in the richeſt and beſt-fancied liveries, through which Mary had been accuſtomed to paſs, when ſhe entered the manſion of Lady Caroline, ſhe now crept along a narrow paſſage, the door of which had been opened by a dirtyiſh-looking maid ſervant; and, aſcending a narrow and dark pair of ſtairs, ſhe was uſhered into a miſerable-looking room, dignified by the name of the dining-room:—here, upon a ſqualid ſofa, on one ſide of the ſmall fire place, ſhe beheld her mother!

When Mary had parted from Lady Caroline, the beauty that had ſo remarkably diſtinguiſhed her at ſeventeen, was little diminiſhed at ſix and thirty.

The

The unremitting care that was dedicated to its preſervation, and the elegant and expenſive dreſs with which it was conſtantly adorned, ſuffered but few of thoſe depredations that time had committed on it to appear. But the diſtreſs, the vexation, the waring paſſions to which it had ſince been expoſed, had now nearly deſtroyed every trace of thoſe charms, once ſo prized by the poſſeſſor, and admired by the beholder. The little indications that were left of what they once had been, were obſerved by the ſhabby and neglected dreſs in which Lady Caroline was now clothed; and Mary, on the firſt ſight of her, ſtarted, doubtful whether indeed ſhe ſaw her mother.

Nor was Lady Caroline's ſurpriſe and doubt leſs than that which was felt by Mary. Lady Caroline had not, indeed, ever been able to deny her daughter the attribute of that beauty which was the theme of all who ſaw her; but ſhe had been accuſtomed to conſider it as a very faint copy of her own charms;

charms; and the contempt that ſhe had allowed herſelf to entertain for Mary's abilities, in conſequence of her ignorance of thoſe modes of life which, in Lady Caroline's opinion, conſtituted the whole of human ſcience, had made her always conſider her as a very inſignificant and deſpicable being.

When now, therefore, ſhe appeared before her in all the meridian beauty of ſeven and twenty; her cheek painted with the ſofteſt fluſh of pureſt health; her eye ſparkling with intelligence; her air dignified by conſcious rectitude; and when ſhe conſidered her as one in whoſe hands her future happineſs, and even ſubſiſtence, were placed, ſhe ſhrunk before her, as from the preſence of a ſuperior Being; and, equally mortified and mean-ſpirited, ſinking on the ground, ſhe claſped her arms around her daughter's knees, and cried out, with the accent of miſerable deprecation, "Oh! forgive me, my much-injured child!!!"

Mary, haſtily ſnatching her from the floor—"Oh! talk not of forgiveneſs!" exclaimed ſhe.—"I come not to recall the paſt, but to render the future as happy as I have the means of making it."

Lady Caroline, agitated and trembling, wept bitterly; and Mary, who had upon no occaſion ſeen her ſo ſoftened, haſtily flattered herſelf that Mrs. Elliot was miſtaken; and that misfortune had wrought a change in the mind of Lady Caroline, that would more than indemnify her for all ſhe had undergone.

With the voice of the moſt ſincere tenderneſs, Mary ſtrove to ſoothe her afflicted mother.

"Be conſoled—be compoſed, my deareſt mother," ſaid ſhe; "your misfortunes are paſt.—Behold me here with the means and the will to make you happy. You have only

to exert yourſelf, and you will be in poſſeſſion of all that conſtitutes the felicity of life."

"Oh! what a dear child you are," ſaid Lady Caroline, in a fawning tone.—"How little do I deſerve your goodneſs:—yet, if you knew what I have ſuffered! how I have been uſed! what a man Sir James was!"

"Let me beg of you, Madam," ſaid Mary, "to forget every reſentment; to baniſh from your mind all remembrance of the paſt:—from this moment accuſtom yourſelf to look forward: it depends upon yourſelf alone, from this moment, to be happier than you ever were in your life."

"No, my dear Mary; my happineſs depends upon you, and I ſhall be proud to owe it to you.—How, amidſt the ſplendor to which you will raiſe me, ſhall I look down with contempt on thoſe mean ſouls, who, in affording me ſuch a dwelling as this, and in clothing me in ſuch garments as theſe, could imagine that they made a proper proviſion for Lady Caroline Seabright."

"I

"I cannot promiſe you ſplendor in America," teturned Mary:—"but I can promiſe you every comfort and every convenience that affluence can beſtow."

"In America!" cried Lady Caroline, faintly; "in America, did you ſay?"

"Aſſuredly I did," replied Mary: "did you not know, Madam, that my reſidence was in America?"

"Yes," ſaid Lady Caroline; but ſurely mine is not to be there."

"If you will accept of aſſiſtance from my hand," replied Mary, "it is only in America that I can give it."

"Then," cried Lady Caroline, with vehemence, "it will be uſeleſs! Is this your boaſted kindneſs? Do you think I will go to America?"

"Why ſhould you not?" returned Mary, calmly.—"It is in America I have found that happineſs and that ſubſiſtence which was denied me in Europe; and there I can beſtow both upon you."

"If you ſincerely wiſhed to beſtow either," ſaid Lady Caroline, "you would not ſhock me with ſuch a propoſal. What could be eaſier, than that you ſhould make me a handſome allowance, and leave me here amidſt my old friends, and in the enjoyment of all that makes life deſirable."

"Nothing would be more *impoſſible*," returned Mary; "my riches do not conſiſt in what is portable; they are ſtationary as the earth from which they ſpring. I can pour them upon you in profuſion, in America, but I cannot tranſmit them to England.— "Of what uſe are they then?" ſaid Lady Caroline, ſullenly.

"Of *all* uſe," replied Mary; "not alone good in themſelves; but the means by which we acquire them are the ſources of the pureſt delight, and the moſt rational enjoyment.— Could you ſee with what hilarity each individual riſes to his work, and with what cordial frankneſs we aſſemble in our ſugar groves, when the buſineſs of the day is over, liſtening,

liftening, in groups, to the modulated buffoonery of the mocking bird, or dancing on the chequered turf to the found of the pipe or the flute; while our older friends, feated round us, recount the exploits of their younger days, or diffeminate information, or ufeful inftruction;—could you fee fuch fcenes as thefe, you would not queftion the ufe of our opulence, or the effect it has upon our happinefs."

"But," faid Lady Caroline, fearfully, "are you really occupied through the day? And is the evening the only time when you can enjoy yourfelf?"

"I enjoy myfelf the moft, when moft occupied," replied Mary.—"What is the true dignity of man but ufefulnefs? Yes, my dear Madam, according to the feafon of the year, I lead out my women and their children to the fugar groves, affigning to each their tafk, which is executed amidft fongs and good-natured raillery; or we gather and fhell the fun flower feeds, from which is extracted an oil, fweet and palatable as the beft

olive oil; or we regulate our flax and cotton, each taking her ſhare of the buſineſs of providing for the clothing of the family.—The inſtruction of my children alſo occupies a part of my time, and the reſt is filled up with domeſtic duties, 'till the joyful hours of evening come, which are paſſed in inſtructive or amuſing reading, in muſic, and dance, and converſation. Such are the pleaſures of the country to which I invite you, which have for their * baſis hoſpitality, and all the variety of good things that a luxuriant ſoil is capable of affording, without the allay of that diſtreſs and anxiety which is produced by the ſcarcity or dearneſs of the comforts of life."

"And is every body," ſaid Lady Caroline, with ſomething of contempt in her tone, "equally happy?"

"To ſay that diſappointment or misfortune are baniſhed from the fruitful and flowery plains of Kentucky," returned Mary, "would be to ſay what never can be true of the

* Imlay.

the habitations of man; but I may ſafely aver, that there is leſs of both in theſe happy regions than in any other part of the earth with which I am acquainted. A ſufficiency of the neceſſaries of life may be acquired by any one who can, in the leaſt, endure trouble or fatigue. The fear of hunger and nakedneſs need not aſſail any one who has the uſe of his limbs: every one works for himſelf, and all work is ſure of its due recompence."

"Work!" ſaid Lady Caroline, with a tone of mingled contempt and horror."

"My dear Madam," cried Mary, "cleanlineſs, health, plenty, and cheerfulneſs, are the offspring of Induſtry.—Look around, and inform yourſelf what are the conſequences of an inability or diſinclination to labour: but *you* ſhall not work; contrary habits, long confirmed, have deprived you of the bodily powers neceſſary to active employment, and robbed you of the ſentiment which makes employment the pureſt and moſt exquiſite pleaſure. We will work for you; and the thought of the comforts and

eafe we thereby procure you will add frefh zeft to the relifh we all have for productive induftry."

"And with what fort of people do you affociate? and what are their manners?" afked Lady Caroline.

"The rich and the poor are not fo far removed from each other as in Europe," replied Mary.—"We are a people of cultivators fcattered over an immenfe country, communicating with each other by the means of good roads and navigable rivers, and united by the filken bands of good government. A pleafing uniformity of decent competence appears throughout. It may perhaps take fome time to be reconciled to our dictionary, which, however, is but fhort in words of dignity and names of honour.—We have no princes, dukes, or lords:—the title of farmer is the only appellation of the rural inhabitant of our country: we are civil, but not fervile: all will fhew the marks of refpect and complaifance; but all expect to meet with the fame in return."

"All

"All this may be extremely agreeable," ſaid Lady Caroline, in a courtly accent, "to thoſe who are uſed to it; but my habits have been long fixed. I fear I ſhall never be able to be happy amongſt ſuch worthy people: but if you, my dear Mary, could ſpare a little from this ſuperfluity of bliſs and opulence, to give eaſe to your parent in her native country, and give it without exacting ſuch a ſacrifice as my accompanying you to this America would be, it would then heal the wounds of my bleeding heart, by the reflection that I was *indeed* an object of intereſt to my own child."

"Ah! Madam," cried Mary, "how cruel is this inſinuation.—"All I can do to ſatisfy your every wiſh, I hope you will ſtill give me an opportunity of proving that I *will* do; but impoſe not upon me impoſſibilities, leſt you ſhould ſuffer from a falſe notion, that my will to ſerve you is bounded otherwiſe than by my power."

"I cannot underſtand what thoſe riches can be," ſaid Lady Caroline, "that cannot

be

be tranſmitted from one country to another. In my opinion, if you have not money, you can be rich no where: if you have, you can be rich any where."

"Could I but, for an inſtant, tranſport you to America," replied Mary, "you would comprehend all this in a moment:—you would there be witneſs of a proſperity and affluence that it is not poſſible to conceive without beholding; becauſe it is totally different from that proſperity, and that affluence which is to be ſeen in Europe.—Money is with you the ſign of wealth:—we poſſeſs the thing itſelf: we have no occaſion to ſend afar to purchaſe all we deſire: our luxuries and delights are at our doors: we do not ſend for our deſerts a thouſand miles: and, were we to do ſo, the thoughts how they were procured would ſpoil their reliſh. Our dainties are not the product of the hot-houſe, or the offspring of a ruinous expence; which, the more plentiful they are to a few individuals, raiſed above the common level, mark ſtill more the cruel inequality between

creatures

creatures of the ſame ſpecies: they are almoſt the ſpontaneous gift of the ſoil we tread, and common to all: or, if they require ſomewhat of our tending care, it is not more than ſufficient to make them ſtill more acceptable to us, as we conſider them not merely as a treat, but as the reward of our labours. I cannot but believe, my dear Madam, that, were you once to breathe the pure air of Kentucky, the happy rival of the moſt favoured climates,—were you to experience our lengthened ſummer, and our momentary winter,—were you to taſte of the variety of exquiſite fruits, and ſee ſpread before you our profuſion of fragrants and beautiful flowers,—every prejudice would be overcome, and you would bleſs the hour when you quitted the ſmoke and dirt of this noiſy town, for the quiet, the perfume, the purity of the plains of Kentucky."

"It is ſomewhat a hazardous experiment to make," replied Lady Caroline:—"and I am ſo good a patriot, that, with all its faults,

I love dear England beyond every other ſpot upon the globe."

"But why," ſaid Mary, "ſhould emigration appear ſo ſtrange or ſo formidable to you, Madam? have you not tried it? and did it not anſwer all your expectations?"

"Ah!" cried Lady Caroline, "where is the compariſon between the emigration to which you now urge me, and that which I once experienced! When I was firſt compelled to quit dear England by the hard-heartedneſs of my parents, it was not ſuch allurements as thoſe that you hold out that made the cruel neceſſity ſupportable. I was going to a land where gold and diamonds grew;—a land where riches give all that is deſirable in life, command—reſpect—luxury: I was going, where, if we were lucky, I was to be a little queen. We were lucky, and I was a queen. I might have been one ſtill; but that the ſtrange extravagance of Sir James—but, if I think, I ſhall go mad. How unlike to ſuch proſpects are thoſe to which you now hold out

out to me—induſtry, equality, affluence.—Affluence!—It is a word to expreſs the plenty of a purſe-proud ſhopkeeper, or the overflowing barns and milk pails of a farmer."

Mary could not wholly repreſs the indignation and contempt that ſhe felt at this ſpeech.

"And what," cried ſhe, "is become of that gold or thoſe diamonds ſo much preferred to an affluence, at once the offspring and the reward of virtue? They are diſſipated—they are gone—evaneſcent as the joys they could beſtow. I wiſh not (added ſhe, ſoftening as ſhe ſpoke) to ſuggeſt the remorſe, the regret, the grief they have left behind: but, that ſuch experience ſhould be vain, is, I confeſs, to me inconceivable. But I have done.—You ſpoke of my *exacting* a ſacrifice juſt now. I exact nothing: I will not even urge you to any thing ſo diſagreeable and ſo hateful to you as it ſeems it would be, to paſs the reſt of your days in the boſom

of

of peace and plenty, ſurrounded by the riſing offspring of your only child. That I have left a home, where every paſſing hour was marked with ſome new delight; that I have traverſed mountains, and croſſed ſeas, to offer you all the aſſiſtance and conſolation in my power, was *but* my duty: I claim no merit from it: I ſhall return with a ſatisfied mind, and an approving conſcience: and, however it might have increaſed my happineſs, had I been able to have prevailed upon you to have accompanied me, I flatter myſelf, it will be no diminution to that which I knew before, that I have made the experiment in vain."

Mary then aroſe, and was going to aſk permiſſion of Lady Caroline to attend her once again, before ſhe left England, when Lady Caroline caught hold of her hand, ſaying, "Don't leave me:—tell me truly, and upon your word, can you do nothing for me, if I remain in England?"

"Nothing

"Nothing, upon my honour," ſaid Mary.—"The money with which I have furniſhed myſelf for this journey, has not been procured but with ſome inconvenience, and I ſhould not be able to tranſmit to you forty pounds a year."

"Alas!" cried Lady Caroline, "how all my golden viſions diſappear. They told me that you were rich: I thought riches had been the ſame in all parts of the world, and figured to myſelf, that the aſſiſtance you were repreſented as ſo willing to afford me would be adminiſtered in the form I had been accuſtomed to: but, if this is not ſo, what—what can I do?"

"You are not in a worſe ſituation, Madam," replied Mary, "than you were before you had thus unfortunately deceived yourſelf. Thoſe friends that have ſupported you will ſupport you ſtill: you may ſtill enjoy their friendſhip, and continue thoſe habits of life which make to you all its happineſs."

"Do you know," ſaid Lady Caroline, fiercely, "that you ſpeak daggers to me?—Friends!

Friends! What friends have I? base and treacherous as all whom I called by that name have proved themselves? What habits of life are not broken? What happiness remains for me? Do you not know that I am a miserable pensioner? The receiver of a scanty pittance, unwillingly yielded, small as it is, and doled out to me drop by drop—guinea by guinea, as if I were an infant or a a drivler; and yet you insult me with talking of friends—of happiness."

"Far be it from me to intend to insult you," said Mary.—"I understood that you talked to me of old friends and old habits, that it would be painful to you to quit:—but if your situation is such as you describe, how can it be that you hesitate to change it for that I offer you?"

"If I could resolve to quit my country," said Lady Caroline, "how can I consent to forego my religion? I have been told that there are no bishops, no regular church in America. Think you I will associate with fanatical baptists and gloomy presbyterians?"

Mary

Mary could not ſuppreſs a ſmile at this objection.

"Come, my dear Madam," ſaid ſhe, gaily, "I now begin to hope I ſhall carry you with me to America. Be aſſured, that I am neither a baptiſt nor a preſbyterian;—and if you recollect that you uſed to ridicule me for my piety, you may reſt contented that I ſhould not be happy in *any* country where I could not regularly ſerve my God in the way I preferred."

"And are *things of that ſort* carried on with any decorum?" coldly aſked Lady Caroline

"I mean not to exalt my country falſely, or at the expence of any other," ſaid Mary; "and perhaps here it may not be thought a praiſe: but I verily believe, where there is one perſon in Europe under the influence of a religious ſentiment, there are ten in America."

"Well, we need not then talk any more on that ſubject," replied Lady Caroline:—

"but

"but there is another much more intereſting;—thoſe horrid Indians! I ſhould never be able to ſleep a moment in my bed, from the fear of them."

"Yet I think I can inſure you," replied Mary, "from ſeeing the face of any Indian, except in my own family; you will find one there—Poor Quaſhabo! the moſt intelligent and grateful of human beings. At fourteen, ſhe had more than repaid me for ſix years ſupport and care; and now I can delegate to her half my ſolicitudes for a group of little beings who belong to our labourers and ſervants, and whom it is a part of my duty to ſee well taught and taken care of."

"And ſhall Quaſhabo wait upon me?" ſaid Lady Caroline.—"Such an attendant would bring to my mind the time I ſpent in India."

"Quaſhabo will be happy to attend you," ſaid Mary; "nor can you have a more adroit or willing hand-maid."

Lady Caroline now fell into a reverie, which Mary thought it not adviſeable to interrupt. At length, awaking, as it were, from her ſtate of reflection, "I will ſpeak plainly to you," ſaid ſhe.—"I am, in my preſent ſituation, the moſt miſerable of creatures. I am ſenſible my health is falling a ſacrifice to the diſorder of my mind; and I think I ſhould hardly have lived till now, had I not lately been ſupported by the hope that you would redeem me from my preſent dependance, and reſtore me to that ſplendor, from which the unpardonable folly of your father has hurled me. Such a hope I find is vain: but I have not only encouraged it myſelf, but communicated it to all thoſe inſolent people who call themſelves my friends, and take a pleaſure in triumphing over my misfortunes. I ſhall never ſurvive the diſgrace of ſinking again into their power. I will therefore accompany you, little as I can hope for peace of mind, or even a ſhadow of happineſs amongſt the ſavages with whom I am henceforth to aſſociate: but, if I am

deftined to die of chagrin, better I do fo—far, far diftant from that fphere where I once fhone a ftar of the firft luftre, than that all who once knew me fhould witnefs my fall, never to rife again. But, poor as you fay you are, how are we to procure the common neceffaries of life, until we arrive at this fairy land of yours, where fruits and flowers fpring with a wifh, and meat runs about ready roafted?"

"I will allow you all your prejudices," replied Mary, fmiling, "on this fide the Atlantic, certain that you will abjure them when once you arrive in America: but my poverty, with which you reproach me, does not preclude the enjoyment of all that is neceffary to the comforts of life, even in this country of gold and filver. I have provided myfelf with a fmall ftock of money; with a part of it we will furnifh a cheft with all the comforts and indulgences that you will point out:—it fhall be confidered as your medicine cheft, and kept folely for your ufe. From time to time we fhall be able to replenifh this cheft; and,

and, with the addition of our own luxuries, I cannot help flattering myſelf, that you will not find yourſelf deſtitute of the comforts, and even the gratifications of life."

It was not poſſible but that the ſweet and amiable manners of Mary ſhould win even upon the ſelfiſh and cold heart of Lady Caroline.

As ſhe uttered theſe laſt words, Lady Caroline embraced her with tenderneſs, and ſaid, "*If* I am to be happy, my dear love, it muſt be from the reflection that I am the mother of ſo exemplary a daughter.—Ah! my dear Mary, how much better are you to me than I deſerve!"

A ſingle expreſſion of this kind ſeemed to Mary to repay her for all the pains ſhe had taken. She returned her mother's careſſes with intereſt, and once more admitted the ſweet hope into her breaſt, that ſhe might indeed be the inſtrument of that happineſs

to her parent, which is founded on the rectitude of the mind, and the feelings of the heart.

CHAP. XV.

MARY and Lady Caroline continued to converſe together for a conſiderable time on the preparations neceſſary for their voyage, and the expedition that it was ſo deſirable to Mary to make in forwarding them.

Lady Caroline, having once reſolved to quit England, did not appear to have any deſire to delay the moment of her departure, and

and readily engaged to haſten all ſhe had to do, as much as it was poſſible.

Mrs. Elliot interrupted this *téte-à-téte*, and was equally ſurpriſed and ſatisfied to find Lady Caroline apparently ſo reaſonable :— yet it was evident, that this appearance of reaſon ſprung more from the deſire to fly from the evils that threatened her in England, than from any hope of the happineſs that might await her in America. The love of project and adventure had, however, always made a part of her character ; and, provided ſhe could talk of herſelf, and diſplay her conſequence, or deplore her misfortunes, it ſeemed, while ſhe continued to talk, that ſhe cared little what were the circumſtances that furniſhed her with the ſubject.

At Mrs. Elliot's requeſt ſhe accompanied her and Mary to dinner, and engaged to paſs the remainder of the day with them ; taking, for the preſent moment, the tone of

not being able to part, for an inſtant, with Mary from her ſight.

In the evening their party was joined by Lord St. Albans, who loſt no opportunity of availing himſelf of the privilege Mrs. Elliot had given him, of viſiting her whenever he pleaſed, while Mary remained in England.

The ſight of her, ſo much more lovely even than when he had parted from her;—her beauty ſtamped, too, with a character that ſpoke it but the outward ſign of an exalted underſtanding and an incomparable heart, and adorned by a complaiſance and obligingneſs of addreſs towards him which ſhe had never ſhewn before, had awaked in his boſom all the ardour of his former paſſion: an ardour, perhaps, not the leſs lively, from his being now the huſband of another woman; a woman who, with a form and features that might have vied with Mary's, had taught Lord St. Albans, by heavy experience, that beauty was not the only, or even

even the moſt eſſential qualification in a wife.

Mary, however, ſuſpected not that he was married; and Mrs. Elliot, habituated to the manners of Europe, ſaw nothing extraordinary or reprehenſible in the admiration that he ſo openly expreſſed for Mary.

The converſation fell naturally upon America; and Mary was called upon to confirm or contradict the accounts of its wonderful advance in opulence and improvements, with which all Europe began to be filled.

"I am not ſo ſimple," ſaid Mary, laughing "as to believe that the hiſtories which truth will exact from me will find credit.— The advances that have been made in America in wealth, and all that wealth can give, muſt be ſeen to be believed. I ſpeak not of the Maritime ſtates; for of thoſe, I know by experience, nothing; but of my own beloved Kentucky, that earthly paradiſe, if

ever there were a paradiſe on earth, I ought to have the eloquence of him whom America *once* ranked firſt amongſt her warmeſt friends, to depicture it as it deſerves; to perſuade you of the wonders that liberty, eſtabliſhed on the baſis of agriculture, has wrought in its happy regions.

"All the effects that the efforts of a *government, whoſe annual income exceeds ſix millions, can produce; all that the benevolence of an Empreſs, whoſe privy purſe has a yearly ſupply of eight hundred thouſand pounds, can beſtow, is trifling, is inefficacious, when compared with that which honeſt induſtry, inſpired with the breath of freedom, can bring to paſs. Thirty years has the *great* Catherine (ſo I think you call her in Europe) been endeavouring, by exhortations, by largeſſes—by compulſion, to improve the agriculture and commerce of her dominions; and the face of the country, I am told, remains much the ſame as when ſhe aſcended the throne; except, indeed, thoſe

* Ruſſia.

thoſe parts of it which her wars have depopulated; but the ſubjects of the great Catherine are ſlaves:—without the aſſiſtance of government; without the munificence of a royal privy purſe; untutored by exhortation; unbribed by largeſſes; unmoved by compulſion; and, in ſpite of the oppoſition of contending nations,* eleven years were ſufficient to convert the wilderneſs of Kentucky, inhabited only by ſavage animals, and more ſavage men, into an extenſive and well cultivated ſettlement, abounding in every neceſſary, and almoſt every luxury of life, where agriculture and commerce every day make ſuch rapid advances as are unexampled in hiſtory, and are only credited by thoſe who have witneſſed them; but the inhabitants of Kentucky are free."

In uttering theſe words, the countenance of Mary became uncommonly animated, and ſhe preſſed the hand of Lady Caroline between hers, with an energy ſhe was as little

 conſcious

* The Indians.

confcious of herfelf, as the caufe of it was underftood by the perfon who felt it.

"Charming!" faid Lord St. Albans.

"Charming?" repeated Lady Caroline. "Why charming? For my part, I don't know what you mean by *free*. I am fure I never defire to be more free than I was fome years ago, when I could have every thing I wifhed, and could make every body I had to deal with fubmit to my will. I much doubt whether I fhall find any fuch freedom in America."

"Oh! moft affuredly you will *not* find it," faid Mary; "every body there has a will of their own, which they fubmit to reafon alone."

Mrs. Elliot laughed.

"Glorious enthufiafm!" faid fhe, "you will find it difficult to perfuade me there is one fpot under Heaven worthy of being preferred to old England."

"Oh!"

"Oh!" returned Mary, "I am content to be looked upon as mad, while I know all that I ſay is founded upon the moſt ſober truth: but why ſhould what I ſay be ſo incredible? Caſt your eyes upon the map, and you will ſee that we have on all ſides a communication with the whole globe. Situated in the centre of the earth; governing by the laws of reaſon and humanity, we ſeem calculated to become at once the emporium and protectors of the world. Conſider the progreſſive increaſe of population beyond all European calculation, founded as that is upon the late marriages, and the frequent celibacy which the difficulty of ſubſiſtence makes neceſſary there, with the dreadful deſolation occaſioned by devouring wars;—the offspring of ambition or revenge; or ſimilar, perhaps, in their motive to the Neapolitan viceroy's policy, who introduced the plague amongſt his people, that he might thin his revolting ſubjects. With us, every man of one or two and twenty has a riſing family around him. Our unfortunate conteſts with the Indians,

which are the only wars we have to fear, ſhock more our humanity than leſſen our numbers; and this warfare has now nearly ceaſed. While enjoying all the commercial advantage of an extended inland navigation, we are at the ſame time ſecure from thoſe diſaſters that attend hazardous voyages, and long ſeparations between the huſband and the wife. It is upon theſe data that the moſt intelligent people amongſt us aſſert, that our population muſt double every fifteen years. If the aſtoniſhing magnitude of the objects which the powers of our ſituation embrace, dazzle and confound your ſenſes, as I confeſs they do mine; contract your view, and you will find every bleſſing and charm of life ſpringing up at your feet, and ſpreading wide, until the proſpect is again loſt in immenſity."

"But all this," ſaid Lady Caroline, "is only to be the fruit of laborious induſtry;—words that I confeſs have no charms for me."

"Yet," ſaid Mary, "I read only this morning, in a book that I found lying upon the

the table, thefe words :—" They who are ambitious of ftations, in which there are no duties to perform, and no incitements to exertion, muft not expect to poffefs that conftant cheerfulnefs which is the folace of toil, and the reward of ufeful activity. Providence (continues this fenfible writer) furely never intended to make fuch a difference between creatures of its hand, as that fome fhould live only to enjoy while others live,—only to be the minifters of their enjoyments: and though, in an advanced ftate of fociety, many muft be exempted from the fentence of eating their bread in the fweet of their brow, yet it is an *immutable* decree, that the oil of gladnefs fhall brighten the face of induftry alone."

"Upon my honour," faid Lord St. Albans, "if you go on much longer, I fhall lay afide my rank and my titles, and turn American farmer."

"And what will Lady St. Albans fay to that? afked Lady Caroline.

"*Lady* St. Albans!" repeated Mary, with aftonifhment.

"Did

"Did you not know that Lord St. Albans was married?" ſaid Mrs. Elliot.

"No," returned Mary; "but now I do know it, I will venture to adviſe his lordſhip to ſtay where he is; he is by no means ſuited to the manners of Kentucky."

So extraordinary, indeed, did it appear to Mary, that a married man ſhould aſſume the air of gallantry and freedom that diſtinguiſhed Lord St. Albans, that this diſcovery, in ſpite of herſelf, threw a coldneſs and reſerve into her manner towards him, that mortified him extremely, and prompted him ſoon after to take his leave, and ſeek a ſociety where his attentions would not be the worſe received becauſe he was married.

Mrs. Elliot rallied Mary a little on the chagrin ſhe had betrayed on the diſcovery of Lord St. Albans marriage, and aſked her whether it proceeded from prudery or reſentment, that he had at laſt thrown off her chains?

"Neither

"Neither from the one nor the other," replied Mary, "but ſimply from ſurpriſe.—I have been ſo many years accuſtomed to manners, ariſing from the pure maxims of reaſon and virtue, that I had forgotten the more licentious cuſtoms to which I was once a witneſs, and amongſt which, I now recollect, that the engagement of marriage with one woman was no impediment to an avowed attachment to another. I ſhall be more on my guard for the future, and ſhall endeavour not to diſgrace you a ſecond time with my ruſticity."

"But why," aſked Mrs. Elliot, "ſhould you be more diſpleaſed with Lord St. Albans attentions to you, now you know he is married, than you were, while, though you ſuppoſed him ſingle, you know yourſelf to be a wife?"

"Oh!" cried Mary, "there is ſurely a very ſenſible difference.—The obliging ſatiſfaction that Lord St. Albans ſhewed, on meeting again a woman, for whom he had once expreſſed ſo decided a preference, could

not

not call, on her part, for either frowns or coldneſs, while ſhe had no reaſon to believe there was any other who had a right to his undivided affections: but, if Lady St. Albans would have been pained by Lord St. Albans evident admiration of a former favourite, that admiration was criminal and unkind on the part of Lord St. Albans, and ought to be repreſſed by every one who would wiſh to diſcountenance impropriety."

"On that ſubject you may be quite eaſy," ſaid Lady Caroline.—"Take my word for it, if Lord St. Albans were to accompany you to America to-morrow, Lady St. Albans would not care ſixpence about the matter."

Mary made no reply: but ſuch a ſpecimen of the manners and morals of Europe did not leſſen her impatience to return again to the boſom of her family, under the ſhades of a Kentucky wilderneſs.

Lady Caroline paſſed the reſt of the evening with Mrs. Elliot and Mary, in ſullenneſs,

regrets,

regrets, and lamentations; and the next morning, having borrowed Mrs. Elliot's carriage, drove all over the town to inform her acquaintance, that ſhe was the happieſt creature in the world: that her beloved daughter was arrived in England, with whom ſhe was to return to America, where, with this daughter, miſtreſs of countleſs acres, ſhe was to repoſe on beds of never fading flowers, and to regale on fruits of the moſt exquiſite flavour.

She was willing to pardon the envy of her friends, ſhe obligingly added; but ſhe could not forgive any one who would make any attempt to detain her from ſuch a terreſtrial paradiſe.

Her clemency, however, was not put to the trial; no ſuch attempt was made; and Lady Caroline, after detailing a happineſs which every one ſaw ſhe did not credit, returned to her melancholy lodging, there to brood over her regret and diſappointment alone.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

MARY had written, immediately on her arrival in England, to her dear Anna, who haſtened to town, that ſhe might ſpend with her every hour poſſible. The meeting of theſe two friends was attended by the ſincereſt pleaſure on both ſides, and the hours proved too ſhort for each to hear, and to tell what they mutually deſired to know. Nor was Anna the only perſon who was deſirous to ſee Mary. Every one, who had ever known her, was eager to renew their acquaintance with a perſon, who, from the peculiarity of

of her ſentiments, and the uncommon incidents of her life, was looked upon as a prodigy. Many were curious to hear details of a part of the world, the very exiſtence of which, ſome few years ago, was unknown in Europe, and where yet the accounts of its fertility, beauty, and opulence, were treated as fictitious. Mary ſatisfied all, as far as ſhe was able, with equal good humour and readineſs; and, while the men were enamoured of her beauty and underſtanding, the women could not help expreſſing their aſtoniſhment, that the wife of an American farmer, buried deep in the boſom of an almoſt unknown wilderneſs, ſhould rival them in politeneſs, in addreſs, and eloquence.

In the mean time, ſhe never, for a moment, loſt ſight of her deſire to return, with all the expedition poſſible, to her beloved America; and, for the furthering her wiſhes, ſhe held frequent communications with Mr. Eddows. She ſoon heard, with unfeigned ſatisfaction,

ſatisfaction, that if ſhe could be ready to return within a fortnight, he could take a paſſage for her in a ſhip bound for Baltimore.

"I *will* be ready," cried Mary; "my heart ſickens at the thought of delay; I long to be once more beyond our ſheltering mountains; far from that cry of madneſs, ambition, and revenge, which now ſounds through Europe. Never more I hope to look on details of horror, which here I cannot open my eyes without beholding. My faculties are ſuſpended; my powers droop in this artificial life of idleneſs and vacuity. How do I long to riſe each morning to ſome appropriate duty, and to cloſe each evening in the circle of my family."

Mr. Eddows felt a deſire little leſs ardent than Mary to return to Kentucky and Agatha; and it was agreed between them, that Lady Caroline ſhould be informed that they muſt quit England in a fortnight. This intelligence was received by Lady Caroline with perfect

perfect *sang froid*: being convinced that there were no means of averting her fate, not one individual having made any effort to detain her in England, ſhe ſeemed indifferent how ſoon ſhe ſubmitted to it. Her relations, who had hitherto contributed to her ſupport, happy to have the burthen of her ſubſiſtence removed, ſubſcribed a very competent ſum for her equipment in every neceſſary and comfort that ſhe could deſire;—and ſhe had ſpent moſt of her time, ſince ſhe had reſolved to accompany Mary to America, in driving from ſhop to ſhop; happy once more to ſpend money; careleſs whether or not it was to any uſeful purpoſe.

Mary ventured ſometimes gently to remonſtrate, repreſenting how unneceſſary it was to lay in ſtores of ſuch things as ſhe might be well ſupplied with in America from time to time, as ſhe might want them; but Lady Caroline reſolved to believe, or affect to believe, that ſhe could not be accommodated

accommodated there with any thing to her liking.

"In my own family," ſaid Mary, "I can furniſh you with every article of apparel."

Lady Caroline, who, however ſhe boaſted to her acquaintance of the luxuries and delights to which ſhe was going, never failed to treat Mary with grumbling and repining, replied, with an air of diſdain, "Is your family then a company of artiſans and mechanics?"

"No," ſaid Mary; "but in the diſtant ſettlements of America there are few people who do not underſtand ſomething of every thing. It is true, that the variety of occupations that fall to the lot of each, may prevent us from being very ſkilful in any.—Thoſe who ſpin, weave, and make their own garments; who dreſs the leather, and form the ſhoe; who dig the one from the mire, refine, and faſhion it into implements of labour, will probably never arrive at perfection in any one ſingle branch of thoſe various arts: but, though not the beſt of weavers,

ſhoemakers,

ſhoemakers, or ſmiths, they will, generally ſpeaking, be more intelligent beings than a perſon who paſſes his whole life at his loom, his laſt, or his anvil; and this is verified by experience in our ſettlers. The neceſſity of thinking and acting always for themſelves makes them fruitful in expedients, adroit in action, and never at a loſs in whatever circumſtance they fall into."

Lady Caroline liſtened with a careleſs air, yawned, and went to purchaſe more gowns, petticoats, and ſhoes.

The time, however, at length arrived, when all theſe preparations were completed: the ſhip was ready to ſail; and Mary learnt, with infinite ſatisfaction, that ſhe was at liberty to depart.

She took leave of the few perſons to whom ſhe was ſincerely attached with an unfeigned grief; and, as ſhe held them to her boſom, lamented that the world was ſo wide, or that,

in ſome one corner of it, all who really loved each other could not aſſemble together.

Very different were the feelings of Lady Caroline. There was not a human being from whom it gave her a moment's pain to be ſeparated, although ſhe knew the ſeparation was for ever. She had not the adieus of friendſhip to make; her tears flowed not from that generous feeling which communicates even to the bitter moments of parting, a ſenſation not wholly undelightful.—— Wounded pride, mortified vanity, and diſappointed ambition, agitated her breaſt.— In ſullen ſilence, and angry regret, ſhe regarded thoſe objects which ſhe was to ſee no more; and, not deigning to return even the cold compliments of thanks, to the good wiſhes for her happineſs, expreſſed by Mrs. Elliot and Anna, ſhe haſtily withdrew her hands from theirs, and hurried to the carriage that was waiting. Mary, all in tears, again and again embraced her friends with ſenſations of grief, ſhe wondered why ſhe ſhould

ſhould feel, when returning to America and William; and, as they clung around her, ſtill more afflicted than herſelf, ſhe had not force to diſengage herſelf from their careſſes. Part, however, they muſt; and, making a powerful effort, having claſped firſt one and then the other of them to her heart, ſhe ſprung into the carriage, and was driven away.

Mary indulged her grief until they arrived at the ſhip: nor did ſhe ſuffer any interruption from Lady Caroline, who maintained the moſt obſtinate ſilence; while every now and then a ſolitary tear ſtole down her now pale and then burning cheek.

At the ſhip they were met by Mr. Eddows; the ſails were already unfurled; they went aboard immediately; and, finding that the attention of Mr. Eddows had provided an entertainment for them in the cabin, Mary wiped away her tears, reſumed her cheerfulneſs, and ſtrove, by every means in

her power, to communicate a part of her ſerenity to her ungrateful companion.

Lady Caroline, having now bidden adieu to England; and, being removed from the obſervation of all whom her malice or vanity led her to mortify or deceive, had no motive to conceal the malignant repinings that preyed upon her heart. She therefore gave full ſcope to her regrets and lamentations, and ceaſed not to weary Mr. Eddows, and to ſhock Mary, by her unavailing complaints, and ſelfiſh and ungrateful ſorrow.

Had it been poſſible that Mary ſhould have repented of an act of duty, ſhe would now certainly have done ſo, and perhaps have condemned herſelf for hazarding ſuch an interruption to her domeſtic felicity as the preſence of Lady Caroline threatened it with: but, being accuſtomed to look to the motive, and not to the event of her actions, ſhe, without diſturbing her mind by imagining how ſhe might better have conſulted

her

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her own happineſs, turned all her thoughts to the conſideration how beſt ſhe might conciliate Lady Caroline's affections; and how, by ſoothing her paſſions, and awaking anew the hope of future pleaſure, ſhe might make her eaſy in herſelf, and tolerable to others.

For this purpoſe, ſhe called forth all the powers of her own mind, and exerted all the arts of tenderneſs and blandiſhment of which ſhe was miſtreſs.

She ſoon found, that, to fix Lady Caroline's attention, ſhe muſt talk to her of herſelf; and therefore ſhe generally talked to her of the various means by which ſhe would endeavour to contribute to her ſatisfaction in Kentucky. Lady Caroline, in ſpite of her ſtudied and her genuine ſullenneſs, began to liſten to tales, of which ſhe was herſelf the conſtant heroine; and they had not proceeded above half their voyage, before Mary had ſo far won upon her, as to have reſtored her to her natural loquacity, which, in the

days of her consequence, formed a very prominent feature in her character.

She now talked perpetually of what *she* should say and do, or *not* do in America, and insensibly imbibing an idea that she should be considered as a person of importance, and be looked up to by people whom she considered as so extremely her inferiors, her vanity grew satisfied, and she became cheerful, and tolerably good humoured.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

THE ſhortneſs of Mary's abode in England had made it impoſſible that ſhe ſhould communicate with William during her abſence; but it had been agreed, at their ſeparation, that he ſhould meet her on this ſide the mountains on her return; and, as it was uncertain whether ſhe would land at Baltimore or Alexandria, it was thought beſt that he ſhould not advance further than Winchester; to which place ſhe ſhould, on her landing, immediately proceed, and from whence

whence they might return to Kentucky together. The pious duty of Mary ſeemed to meet its immediate reward, in the quickneſs with which ſhe performed both her voyages. That day five months, on which ſhe had bidden adieu to William at Alexandria, ſhe again ſet her foot on American ground at Baltimore.

It was not quite impoſſible but that ſhe might meet William there, a ſhip having ſailed from England for Philadelphia ten days before ſhe did, by which ſhe had appriſed him of the place where ſhe ſhould diſembark. It was at leaſt certain that ſhe ſhould find a letter from him at the principal inn: ſhe haſtened, therefore, with a beating heart, to this ſource of intelligence;—and, as ſhe entered a room of the houſe, the firſt object that met her eyes was William. Overcome by an emotion of delight beyond all ſhe had ever felt before, ſhe precipitated herſelf into his arms, and there fainted away.

William, ſcarcely more himſelf than ſhe was, called aloud for aſſiſtance; and, as death alone could long have held her ſenſes in bondage at ſuch a moment, he had ſoon the exquiſite joy of beholding the colour return to the lips and cheeks of his lovely wife, and the mild intelligence of unutterable love ſparkle in her eye. A flood of tears now gave to nature a ſeaſonable relief, to which ſoon compoſure, and then joy and gaiety, ſucceeded.

Lady Caroline, unmoved by all that paſſed, was buſied in adjuſting her dreſs, diſcompoſed and ſoiled by the method in which ſhe had come on ſhore. But Mary was no ſooner perfectly recovered, than taking her hand, ſhe preſented her to William.

"My dear William," ſaid ſhe, "this is my mother: "I know it will be as much the ſtudy of your life as of mine, to contribute to her happineſs and ſatisfaction in every way poſſible."

 William,

William, faluting Lady Caroline, who, however, remembering he was plebeian born, fhrunk from his touch; warmly declared, that nothing could add to the happinefs he had long been in poffeffion of, except having it in his power to extend it to Lady Caroline.

Equally cold and polite were the returns which the incorrigible Lady Caroline made to thefe effufions of genuine benevolence and warm affection; and almoft immediately fhe inquired of Mary whether they could not retire, "to make themfelves a little decent;" adding, "I fhould be loath to give the people of America fuch an idea of me, as feeing me in this diforder muft imprefs."

Mary fmiled at the fancied felf-importance of her mother;—and calling a fervant, who had accompanied them from England, fhe configned Lady Caroline to her care, while fhe and William withdrew together, that fhe might fatisfy her impatient heart, by

by almoſt endleſs inquiries after her children and her friends.

When Lady Caroline was well dreſſed, and Mary had, in ſome degree, appeaſed her eager deſire after information ſo intereſting to her, they met again over a comfortable refreſhment, ordered by William; and it was ſoon agreed that they ſhould ſet forward the next morning on their journey to Kentucky. Mr. Eddows, impatient to be once again with Agatha, declared his intention of proceeding on horſeback by the ſhorteſt route, while Lady Caroline ſat in fearful expectation of the mode of conveyance that would be offered to her choice. William ſoon put her out of doubt, by ſaying, that he hoped ſhe would find herſelf very well accommodated in a little light covered cart, which he had provided, that would be much more expeditious than a waggon; and, as they had no quantity of heavy baggage, equally convenient; he added, that he had

done all in his power to fit it up commodioufly; that the roads and accommodations, for moft part of the way, were very good, comfortable every where, and plentifully fupplied with provifions; that they would find the people at the inns very civil; and that, though the tract over the mountains was fomewhat rough, it was no where in the leaft difficult to pafs; that the diftance to Red Stone was not more than 240 miles; and that, from thence, moft of their route would be by water, and might rather be called a party of pleafure than a journey.

When Lady Caroline thus heard of travelling 240 miles in a cart, and heard it fpoken of as a fomething more eligible conveyance than what might have been propofed, her heart, little as fhe expected elegance, or even convenience in her mode of travelling, fwelled with vexation, and even with refentment: while Mary, recollecting the happy and pleafant journey fhe had taken ten years before from Philadelphia to Pittfburg, in a

ſimilar manner, cried out, "The words cart and waggon ſound uncouth to an European ear, which has been accuſtomed to hear only of coaches and chaiſes; but, be aſſured, my dear mother, that nothing can rival the eaſe of the conveyance that is offered you, or the delightful ſcenes that will arreſt your attention at every ſtep."

"Unfortunately," returned Lady Caroline, ſullenly, "I have no great taſte for picturesque beauty; and I have ſome prejudices in favour of a travelling-coach, fitted out with all the accommodations which London ſo well knows how to furniſh; but ſince I am thrown into a land of carts and waggons, and rugged mountains, I muſt prepare my mind as well as I can for diſlocated bones and broken necks."

William opened his eyes to more than twice their uſual ſize; ſo incomprehenſible did it appear to him, that ſuch ſhould be the anſwer to the eager and affectionate deſire, ſhewn

ſhewn both by himſelf and Mary, to give eaſe and pleaſure to their new gueſt.

But Mary ſaid, with her uſual ſoftneſs and addreſs, preſſing Lady Caroline's hand as ſhe ſpoke, " How natural are all the regrets you feel, on leaving a country where you paſſed ſo many happy years: but alas! you know happineſs was not the *permanent* growth of that bleſſed ſoil: I truſt you will find it the flower of an American deſert;— and when once you have paſſed this dreaded mountain, I will promiſe you an uninterrupted repoſe for the remainder of your life."

Lady Caroline made no reply; and early in the evening deſired to retire to her own room, to prepare for the fatigues of the next day.

Theſe fatigues were, however, wholly imaginary. Mary had added ſo much to the contrivances of William, in reſpect to the commodiouſneſs of their little cart, that Lady

Lady Caroline was obliged to acknowledge that ſhe never travelled with leſs inconvenience in her life. The newneſs and grandeur of the ſcenes around her made ſome impreſſion even on her callous and inſenſible mind; and Mary found it ſometimes poſſible to lead her into converſation upon other ſubjects beſides herſelf.

Indeed, however inexhauſtible the patience of Mary might be in general, in her preſent circumſtances ſhe would have found it impoſſible to have confined her attention to ſo inſipid and monotonous a topic. It was not only all that ſhe had to communicate to William, or to hear from him, that called her thoughts from the unvaried diſcourſe of Lady Caroline, but every mile that they advanced, ſhe found ſomething to engage her attention, or intereſt her feelings.

The canals were almoſt completed, which will nearly unite the Atlantic with the Ohio, and will perfect, with ſcarcely twenty miles interruption,

interruption, a courſe of inland navigation unparalleled on the face of the globe. The immenſe advantages which muſt reſult from ſuch a communication to the country of which ſhe was a citizen, and to which ſhe was enthuſiaſtically attached, filled the mind of Mary with the moſt pleaſing reflections. Already ſhe ſaw her new wilderneſſes cleared, new ſettlements ariſe, and civilization and happineſs ſpreading far and wide over the earth. Theſe contemplations received freſh force, when, after embarking at Red-ſtone, upon the Mohongahalo, ſhe paſſed through the fruitful tracts of land which lie between that place and Pittſburg, now formed into the fineſt meadows in the world, covered with innumerable herds of cattle, and green with perpetual verdure. If ſhe received ſo much pleaſure in beholding the riſing proſperity of a country, through which ſhe had never before paſſed, it will be eaſily ſuppoſed that ſhe viewed, with even more fervent delight, the banks of the Ohio;—when ſhe compared the change that had taken place within

within the ten years that had elapſed ſince ſhe firſt paſſed down that beautiful river—the ſettlements on the Shannaway, and that of Gallipolis, then ſcarcely formed, and that of Muſkingam, not even thought of, now flouriſhing and populous, engaged her underſtanding in tracing the humble rudiments and the embrios of ſocieties, thus ſpreading every where; and in conſidering the unnoticed means by which ſettlements daily increaſed, and huge foreſts were converted into pleaſing fields, while her philanthropic mind rejoiced over the cauſes that made ſo many people happy, and exulted in the ſingular diſplay of eaſy ſubſiſtence and political felicity that preſented itſelf on every ſide.

"When my too faithful memory," ſaid ſhe to William, "repreſents to me thoſe details of deſolation, murder, and oppreſſion, to which I was daily compelled to liſten, while in Europe; when it recalls to my mind thoſe ſcenes which I myſelf witneſſed, of ſplendid poverty;

poverty; thoſe unavailing ſtruggles of induſtry againſt indigence; that corroding care, or racking anxiety, which the ſtate of ſociety there impoſes on every feeling breaſt, I will think of our beloved country, and will ſay to myſelf, there is yet an aſylum left on the face of the earth for the perſecuted ſons of men; there is yet a ſpot where the dove-eyed goddeſs of peace reſides; where induſtry indeed gives wealth, and wealth affluence; where the days are paſſed in cheerfulneſs, and the nights in repoſe; and where no thoughts of to-morrow deſtroy the pleaſures of to-day."

Lady Caroline had no perception for ſuch reflections as theſe: yet the newneſs and beauty of the ſcene could not fail, in ſome degree, to engage even her attention; and, could ſhe have been tranſported once more into a circle of her London friends, ſhe would have told, in exaggerated terms, and ſudden exclamations, of the rapture, the tranſport, the extatic delight ſhe had felt, in viewing

viewing nature in theſe her majeſtic and beautiful robes.

Time, however, paſſed equally away, amidſt the glowing delight of Mary, and the languid approbation of Lady Caroline, and a few days brought their veſſel to Limeſtone. Here, on landing, William and Mary were unexpectedly greeted by Mr. Eddows and Agatha.

The impatience of the latter to ſee Mary had induced her, immediately on the arrival of her huſband, to prevail with him to accompany her to meet the boat at Limeſtone. Mary flew to her friend with a tranſport only ſhort of that which ſhe had felt on firſt rejoining William; and equally curious now as then, overwhelmed her alike with inquiries and queſtions concerning her children and connexions at Llamamon.

"Haſten thither," cried Agatha, "and witneſs how you are beloved; the whole neighbourhood

neighbourhood is in raptures at the thoughts of your return; and the impatience that my mother expreſſes to ſee you has awakened (added ſhe, with a ſmile) all my old jealouſy."

Mary wanted no arguments to induce her to make all poſſible haſte to her old abode. They immediately put themſelves on their way, and proceeded with all the expedition in their power.

Lady Caroline particularly attracted the notice of Agatha; but ſhe had not ſtudied her character more than a day and a half, before ſhe could not help exclaiming to Mary, "How much am I obliged to you and Mr. Eddows; but for you, I too had been a Lady Caroline!"

The travellers had not advanced far beyond the Blue-lick before every hour brought out ſome friend or acquaintance to meet them; and, when they arrived within a few miles

miles of Llamamon, the numbers were ſo much increaſed, that their party appeared rather like a triumph than the private return of a ſingle family to their own reſidence.—Muſic and ſong accompanied them the whole way; and the voice of joy and affection reſounded on every ſide.

Lady Caroline, it muſt be confeſſed, made ſomewhat of an awkward figure amidſt the general gratulation, without any former claim to the regard of any one individual; without the wiſh to conciliate the future good will of any; yet ſhe contrived to take her ſhare in theſe rejoicings, by ſaying to Mary, "Upon my word, this is a very gallant manner of welcoming *a ſtranger* to your country.—Is it a cuſtom? or am I to conſider it as a particular obligation?"

"Judge, my dear mother," replied Mary, "from the urbanity and hoſpitality of theſe happy people, whether you may not be ſufficiently bleſſed amongſt us."

The

The blissful moment at length came when Mary arrived at Llamamon—once again held her beloved children to her heart; and, while tears of transport ran in torrents down her cheeks, she earnestly vowed, that nothing should again ever separate them from her arms.

When these first moments of rapture were over, Mary conducted Lady Caroline to the apartment which had been prepared for her. This was a long wooden building, joining at right angles with one part of the house, and which had been occasionally used as a kind of storehouse. By the care and diligence of Agatha, who had undertaken that every thing should be in order for the reception of Lady Caroline, this building had been converted into two light, spacious, and convenient rooms; one of which was appropriated for a bed-chamber, and the other fitted up as a sitting room. The windows opened upon a little plot of ground, surrounded by flowering shrubs, and cultivated

quite

quite up to the windows with beds of the moſt beautiful flowers. Agatha's taſte, and her deſire to oblige, had adorned the rooms with all that ſhe thought could make them gay or alluring. Large jars filled with flowers, a few books fancifully diſpoſed, with ſeveral eaſy chairs, and low ſofas, gave at once the idea of elegance and comfort; and Lady Caroline, who had figured to herſelf a clumſy ſquare room, with a bed, a table, and perhaps a couple of chairs, as the whole of the furniture, could not help uttering an exclamation of ſurpriſe and delight, when ſhe beheld an apartment ſo much beyond her hopes.

"This, my dear mother," ſaid Mary, "is your caſtle.—Here you may reign with abſolute power: the ſervant whom you have brought with you, and the Indian girl who you expreſſed a deſire to have as an attendant, will always be ready to obey your orders. If you chuſe to eat alone, they ſhall bring your meals to this apartment; if you wiſh

to join the family, you will always find us moſt heartily glad to receive you: but I intreat you to conſider yourſelf as abſolute miſtreſs of your time, your occupations, and your company. You will find my children ready to anticipate every wiſh, and to contribute to the utmoſt of their power to your amuſement and your happineſs; but they ſhall never intrude upon you, even with their careſſes: your apartment is ſo diſtant from the part of the houſe where the greateſt number of the family reſide, that I flatter myſelf you will not be incommoded by the active buſineſs which is always going on there; ſo that I hope, as you will take no ſhare in this yourſelf, you will be ſafe from any inconvenience from it whatever. If, from time to time, you wiſh for any thing more than you have, you have only to ſpeak, and your deſire ſhall be complied with."

Lady Caroline, who, while Mary ſpoke, had been occupied in ſurveying the apartment, and had diſcovered how cheaply all that

that firſt had ſtruck her had been obtained, languidly replied, "I am much obliged to you; thank you; all will do very well, I dare ſay. You advertiſed me that I was not to expect in America the elegances and perfection of Europe; but—but—I dare ſay I ſhall be uſed to all in time."

Mary, who could not wholly repreſs the natural diſguſt that aroſe in her mind on ſuch an inſtance of ungrateful faſtidiouſneſs, replied coolly, ſhe hoped ſo; and telling Lady Caroline ſupper would be ready in half an hour, ſaid ſhe would ſend her ſervant to aſſiſt in adjuſting her dreſs, and then left her.

The little chagrin that Mary felt, on ſuch a proof of the unworthineſs of her mother's character, was inſtantly loſt on joining her family and friends in the large room where they were aſſembled; and, before ſupper was ſerved, ſhe had wholly forgotten it, and ran away, with her uſual cheerfulneſs and alacrity, to announce to Lady Caroline that

they

they only waited for her to ſit down to table.

Lady Caroline came forth in all her dignity and conſequence, reſolved, from the firſt, to impreſs the half-ſavages of Kentucky with a ſenſe of her ſuperiority ; but ſhe found every one too happy in themſelves, and each other, to think much about her : and tho' all were eager to ſhew her kindneſs, not one thought of manifeſting deference or admiration. Offended with a familiarity which ſhe conſidered as ill bred, Lady Caroline wrapt herſelf up in a contemptuous ſilence ; and, as ſoon as ſupper was over, ſhe aroſe, and curtſeying to Mary, ſhe begged leave to retire to her apartment, that ſhe might endeavour to procure ſome repoſe after the fatigues of her journey.

" My dear mother, why this form ?" ſaid Mary :—" every body here does as they pleaſe. I hope you will reſt well ; and to-

morrow

morrow I ſhall have much pleaſure in ſhewing you the beauties of this happy valley."

Lady Caroline again curtſied; and, making a gentle inclination with her head to the reſt of the company, walked majeſtically away.

Some of the younger part of the ſociety could ſcarcely forbear laughing; and Agatha whiſpered Mary, "Lady Caroline wants ſome of your leſſons; but ſhe will have but an uneaſy time of it, if ſhe ſhould not prove an apt ſcholar."

"She will, I fear, never learn to be happy," returned Mary; "in deſiſting from the path of reaſon and nature, we loſe the road to happineſs."

Mary had, indeed, taken too juſt an eſtimate of Lady Caroline's mind.

Surrounded by all that makes the felicity of life—affluence, kindneſs, freedom, a riſing

 family

family growing up around her;——all emulous of contributing to her ſatisfaction,—ſhe continues, and it may be ſuppoſed that ſhe will always continue, the moſt diſcontented and repining of creatures.—Without affections,—without taſte,—without virtue, in vain are the ſtores of friendſhip, of nature, and benevolence, opened to her.—In ſullen unthankfulneſs and uſeleſs regret ſhe pines away her life, a burthen to herſelf, and a perpetual memento and warning to thoſe around her, of the fatal conſequences of the habits of ſelfiſhneſs, idleneſs, and luxury.

But, if the fate of Lady Caroline warns us what to ſhun, let the example of William and Mary inſtruct us what to purſue. Let us conſider their felicity not as the romantic viſion of an overheated imagination, but as the natural reſult of their *moderation*, their *induſtry*, and their *benevolence*;—and, while we acknowledge that the true dignity of man conſiſts in the *exerciſe of his reaſon*, let us not forget that his true happineſs ariſes from his USEFULNESS.

FINIS.